TRUE-MAN

THE MAXIMORTAL

KING HELL

RICK VEITCH

NUMBER ONE

SUN COMICS

PREVIOUSLY IN MAXIMORTAL

TRUE-MAN THE MAXIMORTAL

Part One

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by Rick Veitch

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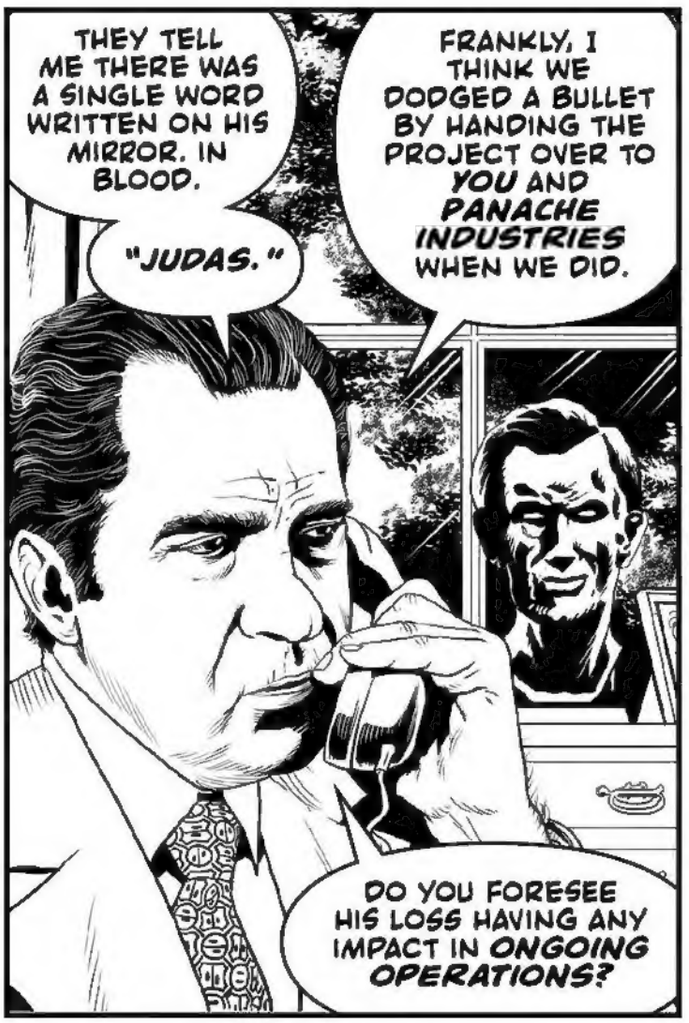
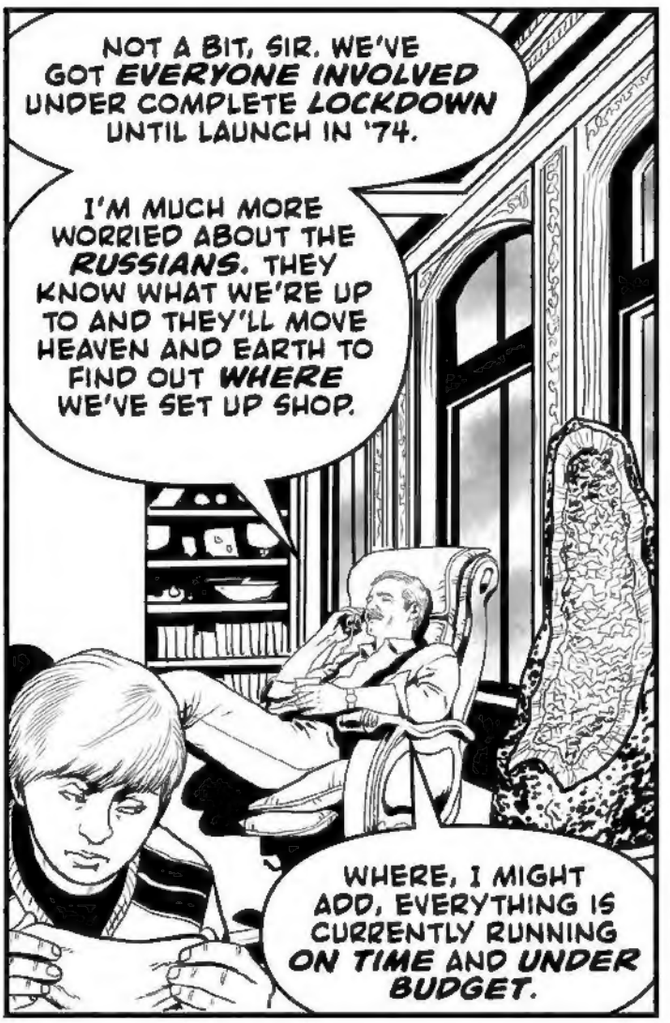
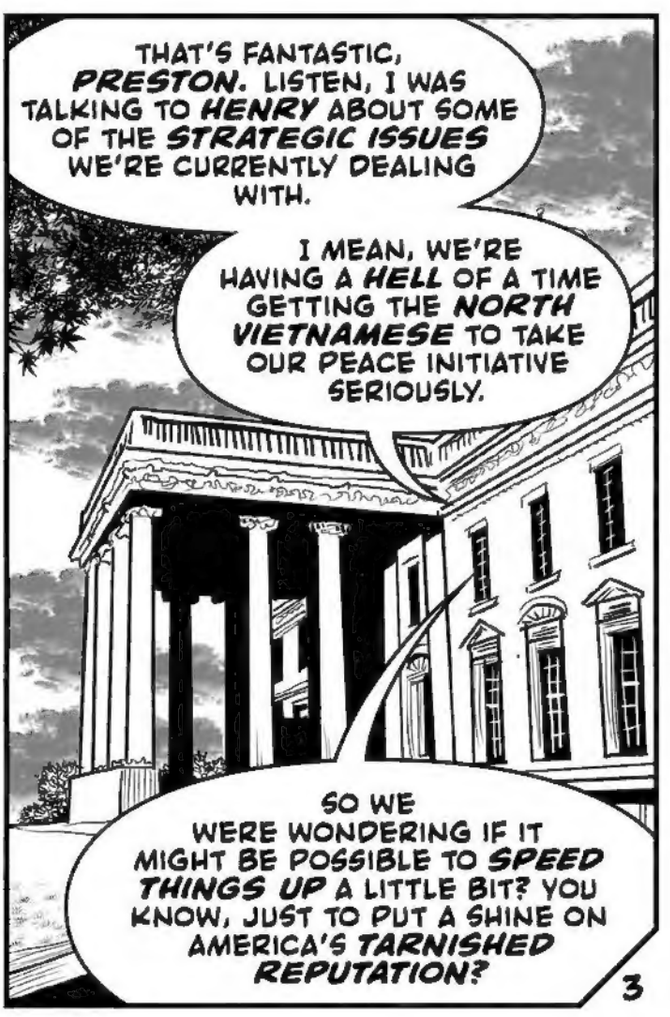
BRIIING! BRIIING!
PRESTON PANACHE RESIDENCE.
OF COURSE.
I'LL SEE IF HE'S AVAILABLE.
SLUMBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
APRIL 17, 1969
IT'S THE WHITE HOUSE, SIR. THE PRESIDENT WOULD LIKE A WORD.
ON THE SECURE LINE.
THANK YOU, STEVEN. I'LL TAKE IT IN THE DEN.

MIGHT THE YOUNG MASTER ENJOY A MUG OF COCOA BEFORE TURNING IN?
HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD ABOUT MY MOTHER?
FROM WHAT I CAN GLEAN, HER DOCTORS ARE STILL DEVISING A SUITABLE MEDICATION PLAN.
THEY THINK IT BEST NOT TO RELEASE HER FROM THE FACILITY UNTIL THEY HAVE THE OUTBURSTS UNDER CONTROL.
REST ASSURED YOUR MOTHER'S CONDITION IS A NUMBER ONE PRIORITY WITH YOUR FATHER.
ABOUT THAT HOT COCOA, YOUNG SIR...?
I'M FINE. I'M JUST GOING TO PLAY FOR A WHILE.
I'M SHOCKED, MR. PRESIDENT. I ALWAYS REGARDED DULLES AS THE STIFFEST DICK WE HAD AT THE AGENCY.
DID HE LEAVE A NOTE?


THEY TELL ME THERE WAS A SINGLE WORD WRITTEN ON HIS MIRROR. IN BLOOD.
"JUDAS."
FRANKLY, I THINK WE DODGED A BULLET BY HANDING THE PROJECT OVER TO YOU AND PANACHE INDUSTRIES WHEN WE DID.
DO YOU FORESEE HIS LOSS HAVING ANY IMPACT IN ONGOING OPERATIONS?


NOT A BIT, SIR. WE'VE GOT EVERYONE INVOLVED UNDER COMPLETE LOCKDOWN UNTIL LAUNCH IN '74.
I'M MUCH MORE WORRIED ABOUT THE RUSSIANS. THEY KNOW WHAT WE'RE UP TO AND THEY'LL MOVE HEAVEN AND EARTH TO FIND OUT WHERE WE'VE SET UP SHOP.
WHERE, I MIGHT ADD, EVERYTHING IS CURRENTLY RUNNING ON TIME AND UNDER BUDGET.

WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO INCAPACITATE THE CREATURE WITH THE THREE REMAINING BITS OF ALLOY THAT DULLES USED TO CAPTURE IT DOWN IN TEXAS.
PANACHE
AND GOTTLIEB REPORTS THE TECHNIQUES HE PIONEERED WITH MK-ULTRA HAVE SUCCESSFULLY PEELED AWAY ALL THE CREATURE'S PREVIOUS MEMORIES.
WE'VE ESSENTIALLY GOT A BLANK SLATE TO WORK WITH.


THAT'S FANTASTIC, PRESTON. LISTEN, I WAS TALKING TO HENRY ABOUT SOME OF THE STRATEGIC ISSUES WE'RE CURRENTLY DEALING WITH.
I MEAN, WE'RE HAVING A HELL OF A TIME GETTING THE NORTH VIETNAMESE TO TAKE OUR PEACE INITIATIVE SERIOUSLY.
SO WE WERE WONDERING IF IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO SPEED THINGS UP A LITTLE BIT? YOU KNOW, JUST TO PUT A SHINE ON AMERICA'S TARNISHED REPUTATION?

YOU KNOW I'M ALWAYS READY TO FALL ON MY SWORD FOR YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.
BUT AS YOUR HAND-PICKED APPOINTEE TO RUN PROJECT TRUMAN, I'M AFRAID MY JOB IS TO SAY NO.
ROCKETS BLAZED THROUGH THE SKY
WE ARE TALKING ABOUT RELEASING A HIGHER DIMENSIONAL CREATURE WITH GOD-LIKE POWERS ON THE WORLD.
EXACTLY. ALL THE MAJOR PLAYERS HAVE FIGURED OUT THAT NUCLEAR WEAPONS ARE A FRAUD.
HENRY THINKS IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE BREZHNEV AND MAO START MAKING SOME MOVES.
WE NEED A NEW WEAPON IN THE OLD ARSENAL THAT WILL KEEP THOSE BASTARDS TOEING THE LINE.
I ASSURE YOU IT'S COMING, MR. PRESIDENT. BUT TO REVEAL TRUE-MAN TO THE WORLD BEFORE WE ARE SURE WE CAN CONTROL HIM COULD ONLY LEAD TO DISASTER.
THERE'S ALSO JOHN Q. PUBLIC TO CONSIDER. WE'VE GOT FOUR YEARS OF PSY-OPS PLANNED TO PREPARE THE LITTLE PEOPLE FOR A REAL SUPERHERO.
THE GOOD NEWS IS ONCE WE DO LAUNCH, AMERICA'S GEOPOLITICAL PROBLEMS WILL ALL BE OVER.
YES, I WILL. PLEASE SEND MY REGARDS TO PAT. GOOD NIGHT.

OKAY. YOU CAN COME OUT NOW.
THERE'S NO NEED TO SNEAK AROUND, PETER.
I WAS JUST PLAYIN' WITH MY CRAZY PUTTY.
SON, I'M GLAD YOU TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE FAMILY BUSINESS. REALLY!
ONE OF THESE DAYS I PLAN TO HOP ON MY SAILBOAT AND LEAVE THIS WHOLE MESS TO YOU.
DAD -- IS TRUE-MAN REAL?
WELL, SON, IF HE WAS, I COULDN'T TELL YOU.
'CAUSE THEN I'D HAVE TO KILL YA'.
AWW, DAD!

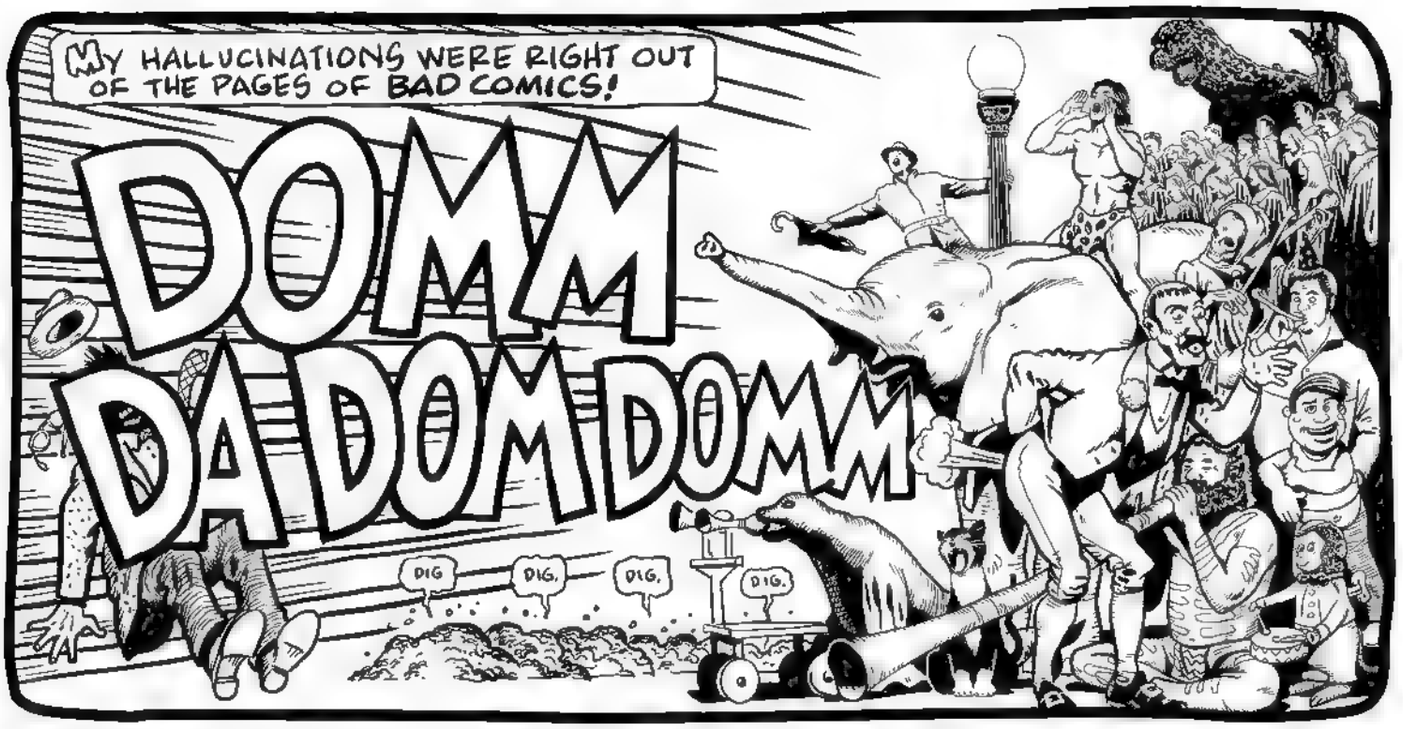
WE WERE LIVING IN A TRAILER OUT IN FREMONT. EILEEN WAS EIGHT MONTHS PREGNANT AT THE TIME. DRAWING COMIX HAD BEEN PAYING OFF BUT MY EX-WIFE'S LAWYER HAD FIGURED OUT HOW TO GET MOST OF IT. WE WERE DEAD BROKE!
FREMONT, CALIFORNIA
MAY 7, 1969
DID THE NEW ISSUE OF COSMO COME?
NOPE. NUTHIN' BUT BILLS.
WAIT A SECOND-- THIS LOOKS LIKE A LETTER FROM HARRY KURTZ!
R.CUM
PAST DUE!
Bob's BAD TRIP!!
HARRY WAS MY HERO, HAVING CREATED BAD COMICS IN THE FIFTIES. NOW HE WAS DOING 'LI'L RANDY MANDY FOR PLAYJOINT MAGAZINE.
HE'S TRYING TO SELL THE PUBLISHER ON UNDERGROUND COMIX!
MALCOLM MAPELTHORP WANTS TO MEET ME!
HE'S A SEXIST ASSHOLE!
I WAS NEVER GOING TO GIVE UP MY CREATIVE FREEDOM AGAIN. BUT A PLOT HATCHED IN MY MIND.
THE PLAYJOINT MANSION IS CRAWLING WITH GORGEOUS WOMEN!
THEY PAY THE HIGHEST RATES IN THE INDUSTRY.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD AT LEAST TAWK TO THEM?
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, HONEY.

EILEEN WASN'T FOOLED ONE BIT. THERE WAS A REASON WE MARRIED.
I EXPECT TO HEAR EVERY DETAIL!
I'LL PROBABLY END UP DRAWING IT FOR ZUP COMIX.
ON THE PLANE, I SAT NEXT TO AN OLDER GERMAN LADY WHO TOLD ME HER MOTHER KNEW FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.
THEN, OF COURSE, THE NAZIS DISTORTED EVERYTHING.
ESPECIALLY HIS KEY INSIGHT INTO THE ÜBERMENSCH.
HARRY SEEMED TO BE ENJOYING ALL THE PERKS OF WORKING FOR PLAYJOINT.
MALCOLM LOVES WHAT YOU GUYS ARE DOING. HE'S JUST NOT SOLD ON IT FITTING INTO THE PLAYJOINT PHILOSOPHY.
YET.
WE PICKED UP S.CLAY WILLIAMS AND SHELDON GILBERT, WHO HAD BEEN RIDING HIGH IN THE COMIX BIZ BUT NOW LOOKED KIND OF BURNED OUT.
SUPPOSEDLY THEY'D FUNDED THEIR PUBLISHING WITH PEYOTE THEY GOT FROM A REAL BRUJO IN MEXICO.
MAYBE THEY'D SAMPLED THEIR WARES TOO OFTEN, I DUNNO. BUT THERE WAS A DEFINITE PARANOID VIBE IN THE WAY THEY KEPT TABS ON S.CLAY'S KID, FREDO.
AT FIRST IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE.
BUT FREDO WAS SERIOUSLY WEIRD. ONLY NINE YEARS OLD BUT THE KID HAD THE MOST PENETRATING GAZE.
IN THE LIMO WE LOCKED EYES A FEW TIMES.
IT FELT LIKE HE WAS TAKING INVENTORY OF EVERYTHING IN THE BOTTOM OF MY FREUDIAN ID!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE MOOD WAS LESS THAN EUPHORIC AS WE PULLED UP TO PLAYJOINT'S PLEASURE PAD.
PLAYJOINT
WE WERE MET BY A BEVY OF MALCOLM'S MINKS AND THE SCREECHING OF ELECTRIC GUITARS. I ALMOST LOST IT RIGHT THERE.
ON THE MAIN BALLROOM, THE SIGHT OF PEOPLE JERKING AND JIVING TO THE SOUND OF A PARTICULARLY HIDEOUS ROCK BAND CHILLED MY BLOOD.
THE KID SEEMED TO TUNE INTO MY DISTRESS, OFFERING A CUP OF PUNCH TO CALM MY SHATTERED NERVES.
HERE YOU GO, BOB.
UH... THANKS.
EVEN MORE SURREAL WERE THE FAMOUS FACES POPPING OUT OF THE CROWD, YOUNG CELEBRITIES WHO ALL SEEMED COKED TO THE GILLS.
AND EVERY TIME I CHECKED, FREDO WAS RIGHT NEXT TO ME, WATCHING ME LIKE A HAWK.
I TRIED TO TALK TO SOME OF THE WOMEN BUT THEY ALL LOOKED AT ME IN DISGUST.
SO... HEH HEH... DO YOU LIKE UNDERGROUND COMIX? HEH...

HONESTLY, I WAS FINDING THE WOMEN REPUGNANT TOO. THEY ALL SEEMED TO HAVE SURRENDERED THEIR TRUE FEMININE POWER TO BECOME DOCILE POODLES BASKING UNDER THE MALE GAZE.
I SAY THIS AS A CONFIRMED SEX FIEND, MIND YOU.
I WAS THINKING OF CHECKING OUT THE KITCHEN IN HOPES OF FINDING A STURDY SCULLERY MAID WHEN HARRY FOUND ME.
BOB! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
MALCOLM'S READY TO SEE US! C'MON!
HE SPENDS A LOT OF TIME DOWN HERE IN THE MINK HOLE!
I THINK YOU BOYS WILL APPRECIATE THE VIEW!
YOU HAD TO HAND IT TO MAPELTHORP. HE WAS LIVING THE ULTIMATE TEENAGE BOY'S SEX FANTASY!
BUT SOMETHING WAS SERIOUSLY OUT OF WHACK.
MALCOLM, I BRING YOU THE BRIGHTEST STARS OF THE WILD AND WOOLY WORLD OF UNDERGROUND COMIX!
RIGHT WITH YOU, HARRY! ANNIE NEEDS A COUPLE MORE SHOTS!
THINK OF YOUR FAVORITE GLADIATOR MOVIE!
WHAT WAS OBVIOUS ON MEETING THE PUBLISHER OF PLAYJOINT MAGAZINE WAS THAT HE WASN'T ALL THAT INTERESTED IN WOMEN!
MAYBE ONE MORE WITH ME BEHIND ANDY?
LIKE THIS?

SUDDENLY, THE KID GOES OFF ON MALCOLM LIKE SOME SORT OF COMIC BOOK FAN!
YOU ARE NOT A SUPERHERO! ONLY TRUE-MAN IS WORTHY OF THAT TITLE!
WHO LET THIS LITTLE SHIT IN HERE? DO YOU WANT ME TO GET HIT WITH ANOTHER MORALS CHARGE?
CAUSING S.CLAY TO GO APESHIT!
YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN IT FOR ALL OF US, YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!
EASY, S.CLAY! REMEMBER WHAT HE DID TO US LAST TIME!
AAOW!
I'M WATCHING ALL THIS WHEN FREDO SUDDENLY TURNS INTO A SCREAMING CARTOON TURD!
AAOW!
AND I REALIZE THE LITTLE BASTARD HAD SPIKED MY DRINK!
I'D DONE A LOT OF ACID IN '67, SO I WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE EFFECTS.
FIRST, A SUDDEN STRONG CONNECTION TO THE SOURCE OF ALL LIFE!
FOLLOWED BY A COMPLETE DISTORTION OF HOW I PERCEIVE PHYSICAL REALITY!
I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU!
WAAH!
BEING WHO I AM AND WHAT I DO, I BEGAN SEEING ALL THE DANCERS AND CELEBRITIES AS COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS.
BUT NOT FROM JUST ANY COMIC BOOK...


MY HALLUCINATIONS WERE RIGHT OUT OF THE PAGES OF BAD COMICS!
DOMM DA DOM DOMM
DIG.
DIG.
DIG.
DIG.

I WAS SEEING GOD THROUGH THE PRISM OF ALL MY FAVORITE CHARACTERS!
WONDER WOO-WOO! MAN COPY BOY WUSSY WANTON! DING DONG! BLACKHAWGS!
WATCH THIS SPACE
THIS ONE TOO

AND THE KATCHENSLAMMUM KIDS!
HE'S GESTURING HYPNOTICALLY, S. CLAY!
AWW NO! I'M SHITTING MY FUCKING PANTS AGAIN!
HA HA!

THAT'S IT! I'M THROUGH LIVING UNDER THE THUMB OF THIS DEMON!
HE'S MADE OUR LIVES A LIVING HELL SINCE WE PICKED HIM UP IN MEXICO!
YAW!

HAW HAW HAW!
I WAS PEAKING ON WHATEVER IT WAS THE KID HAD SLIPPED ME. DELIGHTED TO SEE S. CLAY, AS DAS KAPITAN, GIVING THE LITTLE SHIT HIS COME-UPPINS!
DIE! DIE!
SMESH! SMESH!
BUT THEN SOMEONE SCREAMED.
AND IT WASN'T FUNNY ANYMORE.
MY MIND CRACKED OPEN LIKE A HARD BOILED EGG AND I SAW THE CREATIVE SOURCE OF THE UNIVERSE DESCENDING INTO OUR PLANE OF EXISTENCE.
AND FOR SOME UNFATHOMABLE REASON IT HAD TAKEN THE FORM OF HARRY'S PARODY SUPERHERO, TROOPERDOOPER MAN!
TRADE MARK
CHUGGA CHUGGA CHUGGA!
KAPWEE!
BUT BY MANIFESTING IN TIME/SPACE IT SET UP A CONFLICT WITH ITS OWN SHADOW, PERSONIFIED BY THIS CARTOON SHIT GUY WHO WAS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO THE KID!

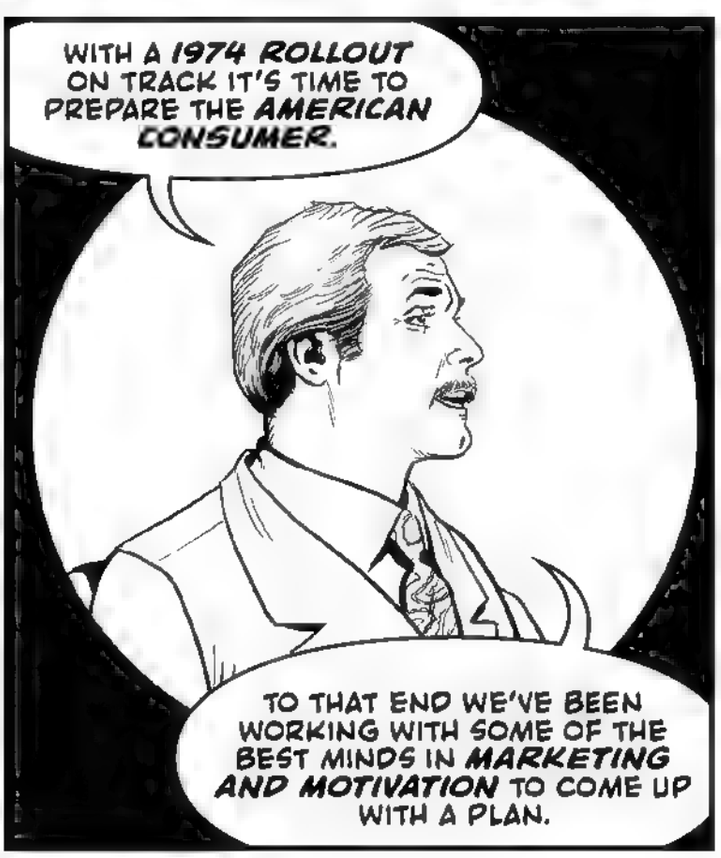
LEVELS OF REALITY BEGAN TO BLEED TOGETHER AS MALCOLM AND ANDY JUMPED IN LIKE REAL SUPERHEROES AND SAVED FREDO'S LIFE!
HE'S STILL BREATHING!
CALL AN AMBULANCE!
WHEN THE COPS ARRIVED, HARRY GOT SHELDON AND I OUT OF THERE. BUT NO SUCH LUCK FOR S. CLAY.
HE'S A MONSTER! HE HAD TO DIE!
I'M SURE THE JUDGE WILL WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT!
BEFORE HE LOCKS YOU UP AND THROWS AWAY THE KEY!
SHELDON FILLED US IN ON FREDO'S BACKSTORY OVER A SHORT STACK AND STRONG COFFEE.
HE'S S. CLAY'S KID BY A SENORITA HE MET ON ONE OF OUR PEYOTE BUYING TRIPS.
SHE WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS OLD BRUJO WHO LIVED IN A POOL OF BAT GUANO!
AND HE WAS TOTALLY OBSESSED WITH TRUE-MAN COMICS!
IHOP
SEARS
AND SO WAS FREDO, ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT SOME COSMIC BATTLE BETWEEN TRUE-MAN AND THE POWER OF SHIT!
S. CLAY BECAME CONVINCED THE OLD SORCEROR HAD TAKEN OVER HIS KID'S SOUL!
YOU REALIZE HOW CRAZY THIS SOUNDS? TELL HIM, ROBERT.
I DUNNO, HARRY
IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE TO ME.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT? IT STILL DOES!

THAT'S MY GOOD BOY.
DO YOUR BUSINESS.
SNRF.
OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE.
WHAT NOW?
WHIINE.
I TOLD YOU I NEEDED SOME PERSONAL TIME. MY GOOD BOY HAS A BLADDER INFECTION.
APOLOGIES, XK-7.
I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S COME UP.
PETT BOTTOM, SCOTLAND
MAY 12, 1969
IT'S BIG.
YOU'LL BE WORKING WITH YOUR COUNTERPART AT THE KGB.
THERE IS NO NEED TO INTRODUCE COMMANDER WAND AND I. WE'VE BEEN CIRCLING EACH OTHER FOR YEARS.
GRETA GILYOV. YOUR REPUTATION BORDERS ON THE MYTHIC. CHARMED TO FINALLY MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.

SO, THE AMERICANS HAVE SOME SORT OF NEW WEAPON THAT COULD PROVE TO BE A GAME CHANGER.
AND THEY'RE NOT SHARING IT WITH US.
FORCING US TO ALLY WITH THE RUSSIANS.
WHAT IS IT?
OUR BOFFINS RECKON IT TO BE SOME SORT OF CREATURE FROM A HIGHER DIMENSION.
YOU'RE KIDDING.
NO JOKE, COMMANDER. I HAVE PERSONALLY SEEN IT IN ACTION.
THE AMERICANS DESTROYED HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI WITH IT.
NOW THEY ARE USING THEIR MIND CONTROL TECHNIQUES TO FORGE IT INTO THE ULTIMATE APEX PREDATOR.
WHICH WILL RENDER US ALL OBSOLETE, I'M AFRAID.
WHAT SAY YOU, XK-7? ARE YOU READY TO STEP INTO THE BREACH AGAIN?
THE PRIME MINISTER ASKED FOR YOU PERSONALLY.
I THINK GRETA AND I NEED TO WORK A FEW THINGS OUT FIRST.
OF COURSE, COMMANDER WAND.

KEEP MY GOOD BOY COMPANY FOR A SHAKE, WOULD YOU, N?
ARRRGH!
GRRRRRL!
RUH! RUH!
NGAAAAH!
TAKES A SPECIAL TYPE TO DO THIS JOB, GOOD BOY.
BUT YOU PROBABLY KNOW THAT ALREADY.
ROOARR!
GNARGH!
MEEYAWR!
SNARL!
SO ARE THEY GOING TO WANT US TO KILL IT?
IF POSSIBLE. OR AT LEAST SEND IT BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM.
WHAT DO WE HAVE TO WORK WITH?
THERE WAS A GIRL WHO WAS IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CREATURE. WE THINK SHE ESCAPED THE AMERICANS.
WE FIND HER AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

SLUMBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
MAY 15, 1969
WELCOME TO PANACHE TOWER, GENTLEMEN. I CALL THIS MEETING OF THE TRUMAN PROJECT STEERING COMMITTEE TO ORDER.
I'M HAPPY TO REPORT THAT OTHER THAN LOSING THE GUIDING HAND OF ALLEN DULLES, WE ARE IN GOOD SHAPE.
GOTTLIEB HAS SUCCEEDED IN BRAINWASHING THE CREATURE AND BEGUN THE REBUILDING PHASE.

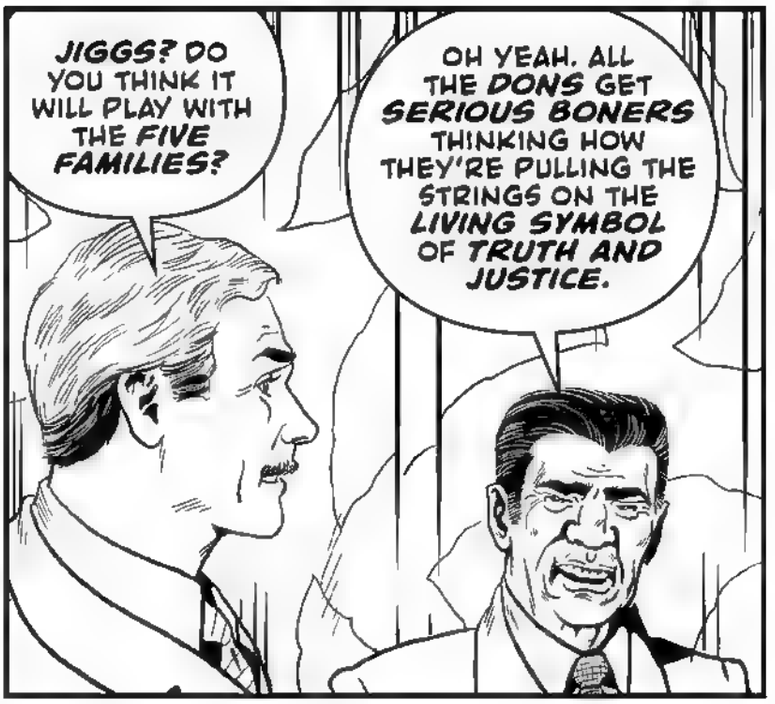

WITH A 1974 ROLLOUT ON TRACK IT'S TIME TO PREPARE THE AMERICAN CONSUMER.
TO THAT END WE'VE BEEN WORKING WITH SOME OF THE BEST MINDS IN MARKETING AND MOTIVATION TO COME UP WITH A PLAN.

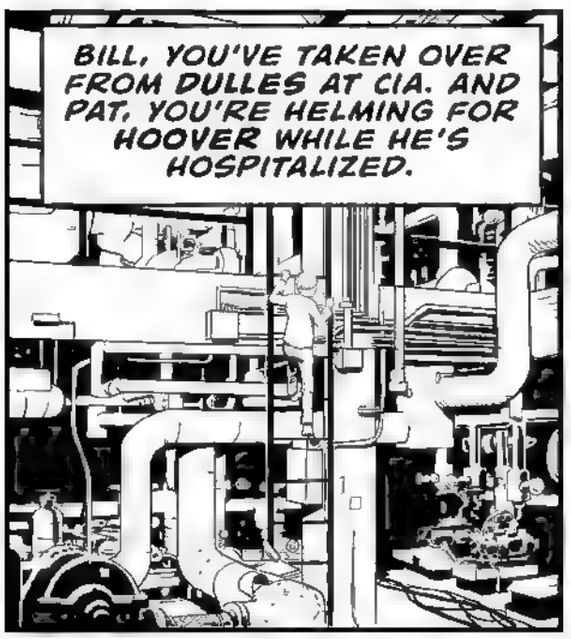
I'D LIKE TO BRING IN DON DRAKER OF DROOPER, DRAKER AND DROAN TO ARTICULATE OUR VISION FOR THE NEW TRUE-MAN!

GENTLEMEN.
LAUNCHED FROM A HUMBLE COMIC BOOK, TRUE-MAN IS NOW ONE OF THE FOUR BEST KNOWN CHARACTERS IN ALL OF POPULAR CULTURE.
RECOGNIZED BY EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD ON THE PLANET ARE MOCKEM MOUSE, SHELLACK HOLMES, WINZAR THE ROYAL APE...
...AND TRUE-MAN.
IN MANY WAYS HE TRANSCENDS THE OTHERS BY STANDING AS A POWERFUL SYMBOL OF PERFECTION.
HE IS THE 20TH CENTURY ARCHETYPE OF MANKIND AT ITS FINEST.
HE SETS THE WORLD STRAIGHT BY GOING AFTER CORRUPT POLITICIANS, WAR PROFITEERS AND WIFE BEATERS.
HE IS THE UNVARNISHED CHAMPION OF THE LITTLE GUY AGAINST A SYSTEM THAT OFTENTIMES SEEMS OUT OF CONTROL AND UNFAIR.
WHICH IS FINE IN COMICS, FILMS, AND OTHER FICTIONAL SCENARIOS.
BUT IN A COMING WORLD WHERE TRUE-MAN, WITH ALL HIS POWERS, WALKS AMONG US, THESE ADMIRABLE TRAITS CREATE PROBLEMS.
TOMORROW'S TRUE-MAN NEEDS TO BE MORE IN SYNC WITH THE STRATEGIC NEEDS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

TOMORROW'S TRUE-MAN WILL BE A SON OF THE HEARTLAND, EMBODYING THE STEADFASTNESS AND DECENCY OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE.
HE WILL ERADICATE THE SCOURGE OF COMMUNISM AND ENSURE THE PRIMACY OF AMERICAN POWER.
HE WON'T BRING POLITICIANS AND ARMS MANUFACTURERS TO JUSTICE.
PANACHE
HE'LL FIGHT SUPERVILLIANS.
THE TRUE-MAN OF TOMORROW WILL STILL REPRESENT COURAGE AND HUMANITY TO THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.
BUT IT WILL BE CLEAR.
ALL HIS WISDOM AND POWER WILL BE IN THE SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN DREAM.

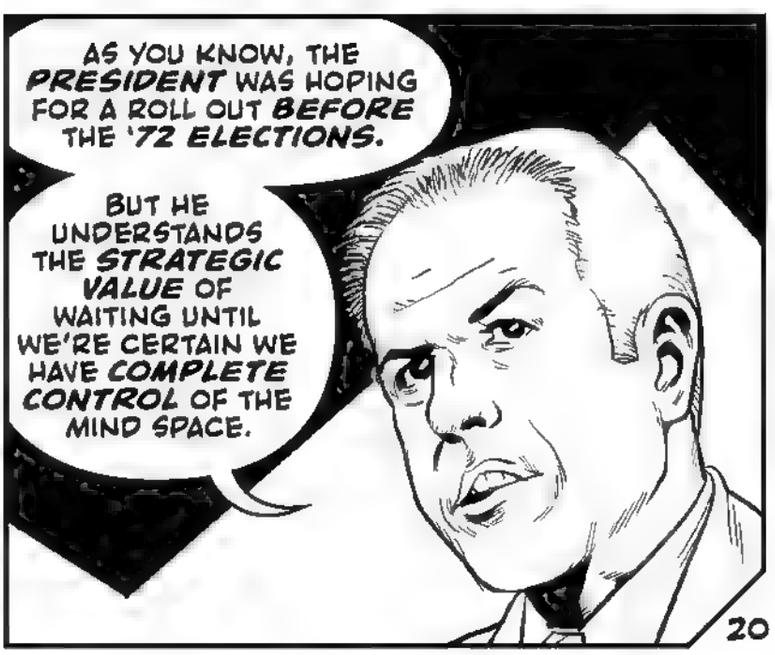
THANK YOU, DON. THE STEERING COMMITTEE WILL MULL THIS OVER AND YOU'LL HEAR FROM US SOON.

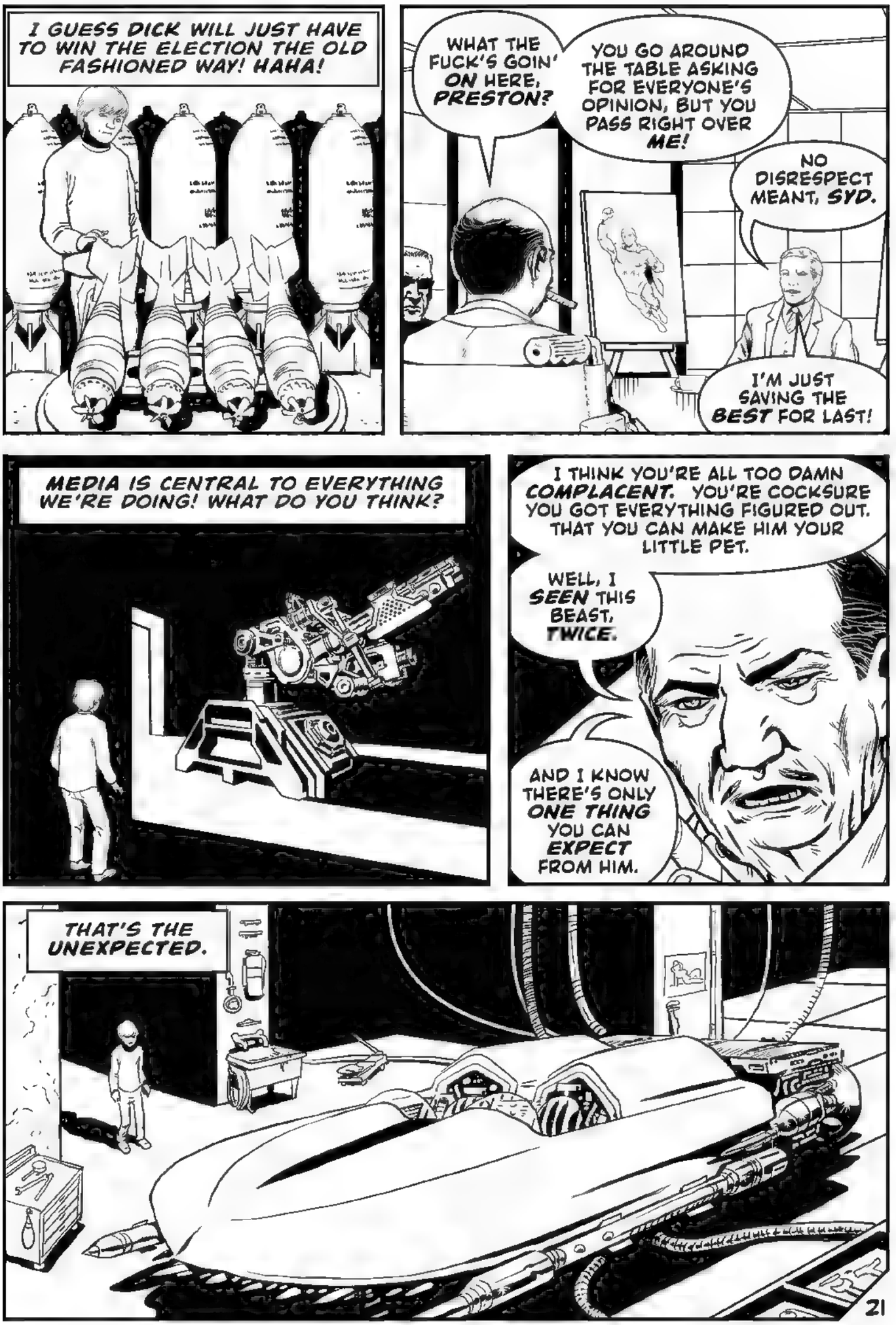

JIGGS? DO YOU THINK IT WILL PLAY WITH THE FIVE FAMILIES?
OH YEAH. ALL THE DONS GET SERIOUS BONERS THINKING HOW THEY'RE PULLING THE STRINGS ON THE LIVING SYMBOL OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.


BILL, YOU'VE TAKEN OVER FROM DULLES AT CIA. AND PAT, YOU'RE HELMING FOR HOOVER WHILE HE'S HOSPITALIZED.

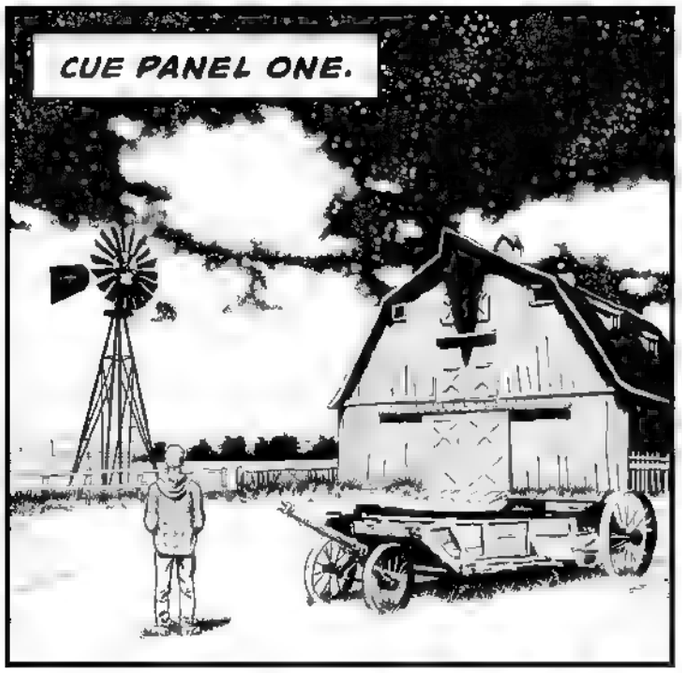
THIS DOVETAILS PERFECTLY WITH THE AGENCY'S LONG TERM GOALS, PRESTON.
IF IT GETS RID OF THE COMMUNISTS, J.EDGAR'S GOING TO DO HAND STANDS.

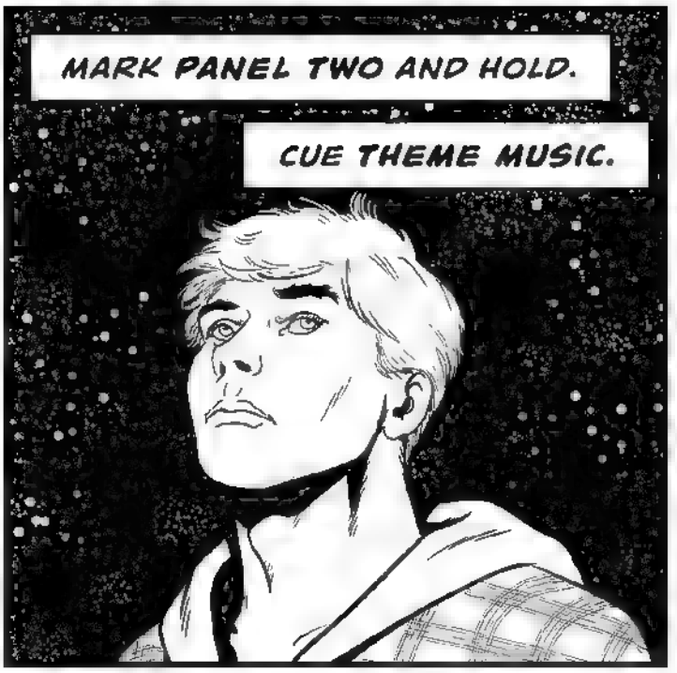
EXCELLENT. HOW ABOUT THE WHITE HOUSE, BOB?

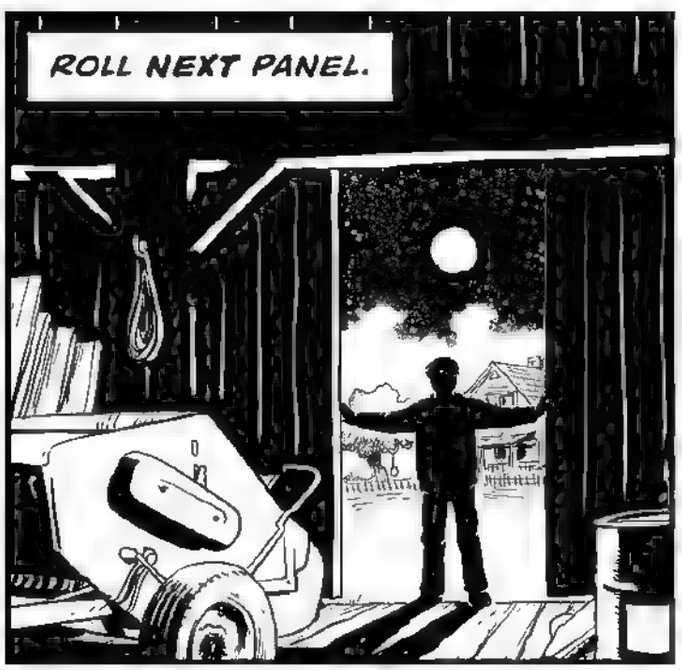

AS YOU KNOW, THE PRESIDENT WAS HOPING FOR A ROLL OUT BEFORE THE '72 ELECTIONS.
BUT HE UNDERSTANDS THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF WAITING UNTIL WE'RE CERTAIN WE HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE MIND SPACE.


I GUESS DICK WILL JUST HAVE TO WIN THE ELECTION THE OLD FASHIONED WAY! HAHA!
WHAT THE FUCK'S GOIN' ON HERE, PRESTON?
YOU GO AROUND THE TABLE ASKING FOR EVERYONE'S OPINION, BUT YOU PASS RIGHT OVER ME!
NO DISRESPECT MEANT, SYD.
I'M JUST SAVING THE BEST FOR LAST!
MEDIA IS CENTRAL TO EVERYTHING WE'RE DOING! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK YOU'RE ALL TOO DAMN COMPLACENT. YOU'RE COCKSURE YOU GOT EVERYTHING FIGURED OUT. THAT YOU CAN MAKE HIM YOUR LITTLE PET.
WELL, I SEEN THIS BEAST, TWICE.
AND I KNOW THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU CAN EXPECT FROM HIM.
THAT'S THE UNEXPECTED.

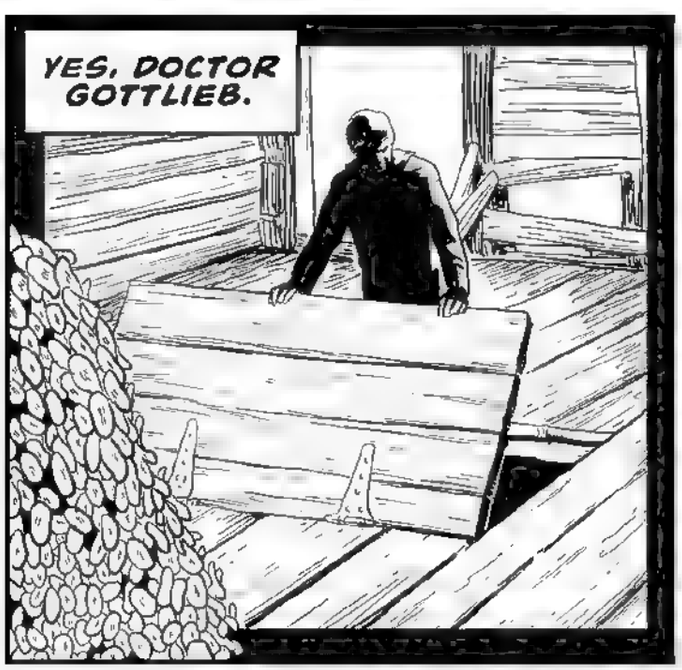
QUITE A BEAUTIFUL THING, ISN'T IT?
STEVEN? OH SHIT.
IS MY DAD GOING TO BE MAD?
NOT AT ALL, MASTER PETER.
HE EXPECTED YOU WOULD FIND HIS SECRET ONE DAY.
HE WAS A CURIOUS LAD ONCE, TOO. IN MANY WAYS HE STILL IS.
BUT HE'S WATCHING YOU. HOPING YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO HELM THE FAMILY BUSINESS.
WHAT IS THE FAMILY BUSINESS?
SOME MIGHT DESCRIBE IT AS RUNNING THE WORLD.
THOSE MEN HE'S MEETING WITH UPSTAIRS -- ARE THEY ON HIS TEAM?
YOU COULD SAY SO, YES.
BUT NOT ONE WOULD HESITATE TO PUT A BULLET IN YOUR FATHER'S HEAD TO ADVANCE HIS OWN INTERESTS.
PANACHE
AT WHICH POINT, I'M AFRAID PANACHE INDUSTRIES WOULD FALL ON YOUR SHOULDERS, MASTER PETER.

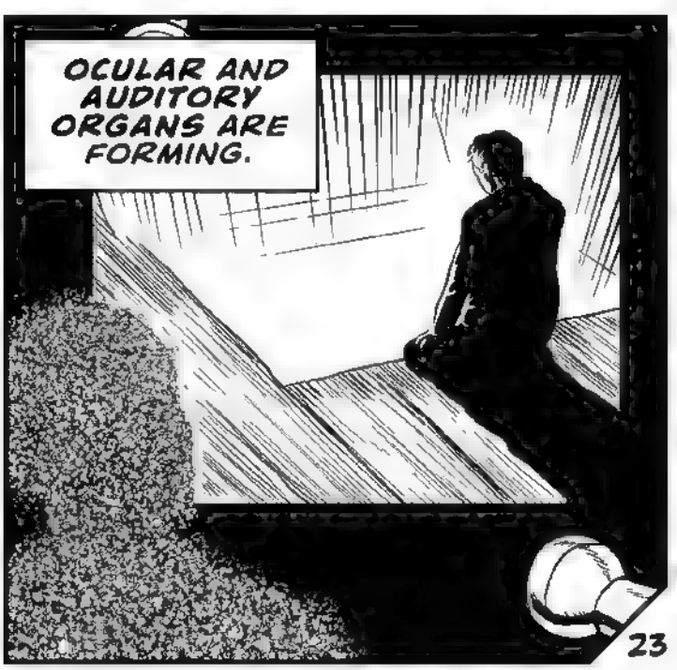

CUE PANEL ONE.


MARK PANEL TWO AND HOLD.
CUE THEME MUSIC.

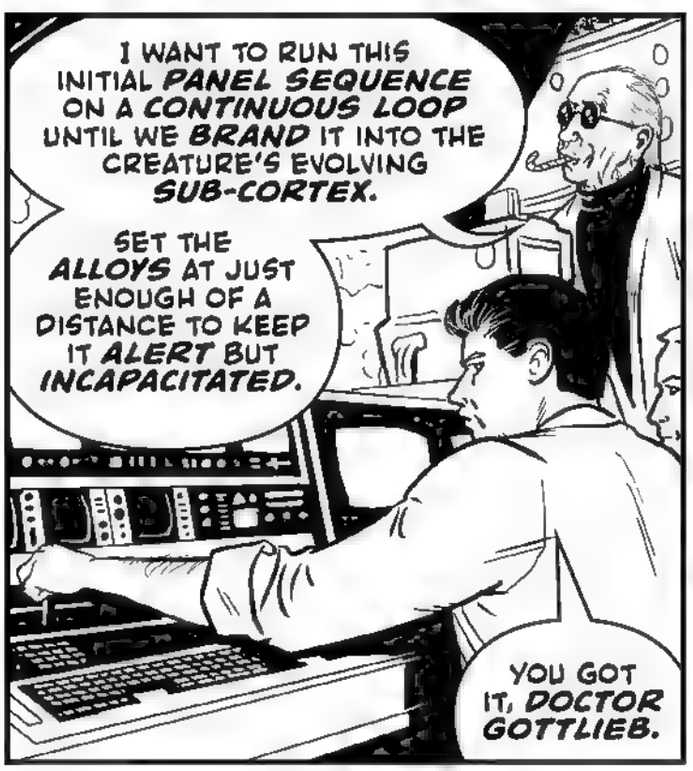

ROLL NEXT PANEL.

ARE WE GETTING ANY CELLULAR RESPONSE?


YES, DOCTOR GOTTLIEB.

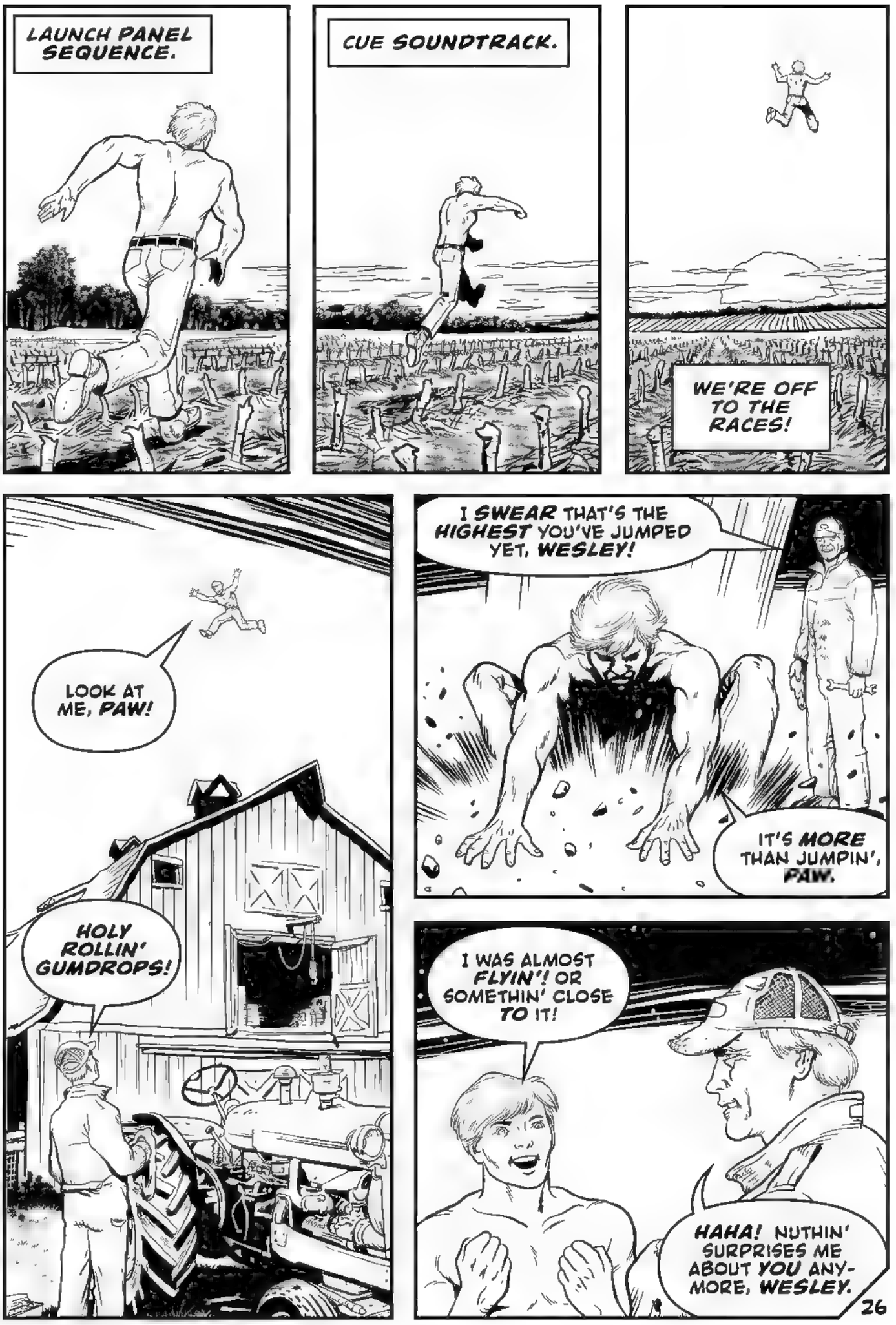

OCULAR AND AUDITORY ORGANS ARE FORMING.

AREA FIFTY-ONE, NEVADA
JUNE 2, 1969
THEY APPEAR TO BE FULLY FUNCTIONAL THIS TIME, DOCTOR.
WE HAVE ITS ATTENTION.
OUR BOY CAN'T RESIST THE COMICS.
WE'VE FOUND OUR WAY IN.


I WANT TO RUN THIS INITIAL PANEL SEQUENCE ON A CONTINUOUS LOOP UNTIL WE BRAND IT INTO THE CREATURE'S EVOLVING SUB-CORTEX.
SET THE ALLOYS AT JUST ENOUGH OF A DISTANCE TO KEEP IT ALERT BUT INCAPACITATED.
YOU GOT IT, DOCTOR GOTTLIEB.

OKAY. I'LL LEAVE YOU LITTLE ELVES TO KEEP THE WORKSHOP HUMMING.
SANTA IS MEETING MRS. CLAUS UP IN THE MALL FOR DATE NIGHT.
THE NEW ICE CREAM SHOP ON LEVEL SIX HAS GREAT TUTTI-FRUTTI!

HEY, HONEY. SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING.
I'M NOT COMPLAINING. I WENT TO TOWER RECORDS AND PICKED UP THE NEW BEATLES ALBUM!
BUT THINGS ARE REALLY STARTING TO GEL DOWNSTAIRS.
IT HASN'T EVEN BEEN RELEASED TOPSIDE.
IT'S AMAZING HOW WELL THEY TAKE CARE OF US DOWN HERE.
DIG THIS, MARGARET. WE'VE BEGUN THE PROGRAMMING PHASE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.
WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE AND BACK IN OUR CABIN IN VIRGINIA BY LATE SEVENTY-THREE.
YOU'VE BEEN A REAL TROOPER, KIDDO.
I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU MUST MISS YOUR GARDEN AND THE ANIMALS.
YOU KNOW WHAT I REALLY MISS? IT'S THE REEFER WE USED TO GROW.
ANY CHANCE YOU COULD REQUEST A FEW LIDS?
NOT THROUGH OFFICIAL CHANNELS. BUT ONE OF THE GUYS IN JANITORIAL MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US OUT.
IN THE MEANTIME, MAY I SUGGEST A SMIDGEON OF ELECTRIC KOOL AID TO ENHANCE THE WINE?
OOOH. PLEASE.
WHAT SAY WE TRUCK ON BACK TO OUR PAD, LIGHT A FEW CANDLES, AND GROOVE INTO THAT NEW BEATLES ALBUM?
AFTER WE STOP FOR ICE CREAM.


LAUNCH PANEL SEQUENCE.
CUE SOUNDTRACK.
WE'RE OFF TO THE RACES!
LOOK AT ME, PAW!
HOLY ROLLIN' GUMDROPS!
I SWEAR THAT'S THE HIGHEST YOU'VE JUMPED YET, WESLEY!
IT'S MORE THAN JUMPIN', PAW.
I WAS ALMOST FLYIN'! OR SOMETHIN' CLOSE TO IT!
HAHA! NUTHIN' SURPRISES ME ABOUT YOU ANY-MORE, WESLEY.

I JUST WISH I HAD A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF WHY I'M NOT LIKE OTHER KIDS, PAW.
ALL WE KNOW IS THERE WAS THIS FAST MOVIN' COMET CAME BY AND DROPPED THAT CAPSULE WE KEEP HIDDEN IN THE BARN.
IT LANDED OUT IN THE CORNFIELD AND YOU WERE INSIDE IT, A LITTLE NEWBORN CRYIN' LIKE THE DEVIL.
'COURSE YER MAW AND I TOOK YOU IN AS OUR OWN.
AND WATCHED IN WONDER WHILE YOU GREW UP STRONGER AND SMARTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE.
YOU WERE GIVEN TO US FOR A REASON, WESLEY. I'M SURE OF IT.
BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KEEP YOU A SECRET UNTIL WE FIGGER OUT WHAT THAT REASON IS.
MAYBE SOMEDAY THE COMET WILL RETURN AND ANSWER MY QUESTIONS.
EMOTIONAL METRICS ARE SPIKING, DOCTOR GOTTLIEB.
AND PHYSICALLY WE'RE BEGINNING TO SEE SOME REAL PERSONALITY DEFINITION.
TIME TO BRING ON THE BAD GUYS.

ACTIVATE NEXT PANEL SEQUENCE.
CUE MUSIC.
FEED
STALIN
SMASH CAPITALISM
THROW OFF YOUR CHAINS
LENIN
THAT'S EVERYTHING ON THE LIST, SON. I JUST HAVE TO STOP IN AT THE BANK AND PAY OFF THE LOAN.
ROUGH CROWD COMIN' DOWN MAIN STREET, PAW. I'LL WAIT HERE AND WATCH OUR GOODS.
WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS!
WHAT ABOUT YOU, COMRADE? WILL YOU JOIN OUR STRUGGLE TO OVERTHROW THE BLOODSUCKING MONEYLENDERS?
NO SIR. MY LOCAL BANK PROVIDES THE SEED MONEY I NEED TO GROW CROPS AND FEED MY COMMUNITY!
CAPITALIST STOOGE! YOU ARE THE PROBLEM!
HAHA! SHOW HIM, BORIS!
OOF!
PAW!
I CAN TAKE CARE OF THESE GUYS WITH ONE HAND BEHIND MY BACK, PAW.
THEY'RE NOT WORTH REVEALING YOUR SECRET, SON.
BESIDES, I'M GOING TO ENJOY GIVIN' THIS COMMIE RAT A TASTE OF AMERICAN RESOLVE!
JUST LIKE WE DID THE NAZIS...

WHEN WE STORMED THE BEACHES AT NORMANDY!
SPLAT!
WHUF!
WOW!
ANY OF YOU OTHER HYENAS WANT TO TRY AND TAKE OUR FREEDOM AWAY?
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT, PAW.
EVERY MAN WHO LOVES AMERICA HAS TO BE READY TO DEFEND IT FROM COMMUNISTS, WESLEY.
THEY'RE THE LOWEST BACK STABBIN' WEASELS THE WORLD HAS EVER HAD TO CONTEND WITH!
HE'S REALLY SHAPING UP AROUND THIS SEQUENCE, DOC.
KEEP IT ON FULL BURN TWENTY-FOUR SEVEN.
I'LL GO OVER TO THE WRITERS ROOM AND CRACK THE WHIP FOR A FOLLOW UP.

WHAT HAVE MY GENIUSES GOT FOR ME TODAY?
ZZZ.
WE GOT BUPKISS, DOC.
YOU'RE ASKING FOR TOO MANY VARIABLES! A FRESH ORIGIN STORY COMBINED WITH MYSTICAL AWAKENING WRAPPED IN A GUILT TRIP? WE'RE STUMPED.
WELL, I THOUGHT MY IDEA OF MAKING HIM A TULPA CREATED BY A SERIAL KILLER WAS EXCELLENT.
IT WAS SHIT.
THE SON OF THE HEARTLAND ANGLE WORKS GREAT WITH THE ANTI-COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA LINE.
PEOPLE WILL EAT THAT UP LIKE COTTON CANDY.
BUT NOW YOU WANT A CORE MOTIVATING EVENT THAT SHAPES HIS WHOLE EXISTENCE ON THE UNCONSCIOUS LEVEL?
WHILE PAYING HOMAGE TO THE COMIC BOOK SOURCE MATERIAL?
WHICH IS BEYOND STUPID. BEING BORN ON A SPEEDING COMET MIGHT HAVE WORKED IN 1937 BUT IT AIN'T GONNA FLY TODAY.
YOU'VE WORKED MIRACLES BEFORE.
WE'RE DRAINED. EMPTY. HOLLOW.
PERHAPS A SPRINKLING OF FAIRY DUST WILL GIVE YOUR IMAGINATIONS A JOLT?

LAUNCHING ORIGIN SEQUENCE.
BRINGING UP SOUNDTRACK.
DID YOU FINISH ALL YOUR CHORES, WESLEY?
YESSIR. AND MY HOMEWORK TOO.
I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A WALK AND MAKE SURE THOSE COMMUNISTS AREN'T LURKING AROUND.
I HEARD THAT AFTER OUR TUSSLE THEY WERE DOWN AT THE HARDWARE STORE BUYING DYNAMITE.
I'LL KEEP AN EYE OUT, PAW. DON'T YOU AND MAW WORRY.
I ALMOST HOPE THOSE REDS ARE STUPID ENOUGH TO COME BACK AND TRY MAKIN' SOME TROUBLE.
I'LL SHOW 'EM WHAT'S WHAT.
WAIT A SECOND.
IS THAT A METEOR?
NO, IT'S A COMET!
MOVING FAST JUST LIKE THE ONE PAW TOLD ME ABOUT!

IF IT'S MOVING THAT FAST IT MUST BE REALLY CLOSE TO EARTH!
MAYBE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ME TO CATCH IT!
IF I CAN JUST JUMP HIGH ENOUGH! FAR ENOUGH!
BUT NO. I CAN FEEL GRAVITY PULLING ME BACK DOWN!
I-I WASN'T EVEN CLOSE.
AND NOW THE COMET'S SPEEDING FURTHER AWAY!
HUF!
THUD!
TAKING WITH IT ANY CHANCE I'LL EVER HAVE TO LEARN WHO I AM OR WHY I'M HERE!

NO! I CAN'T JUST GIVE UP.
IT'S TOO IMPORTANT--NOT JUST TO ME BUT TO HUMANITY ITSELF!
I MUST HARNESS ALL OF MY STRENGTH AND POWER TO LEAP HIGHER THAN EVER BEFORE!
HAVE TO GIVE IT...
EVERY DARN THING...
I'VE GOT!
NOT ENOUGH!
CHOKE!
HUF! HUF! HUF!

I CAN'T DO IT.
I-I JUST DON'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES.
AND NOW MY ONLY HOPE OF UNDERSTANDING MY LIFE'S PURPOSE IS VANISHING OVER THE HORIZON.
I'M A FAILURE.
NOT WORTHY OF THE POWERS AND ABILITIES I'VE BEEN GIVEN.
NOT WORTHY OF THE LOVE AND GUIDANCE I'VE RECEIVED FROM MAW AND PAW.
NOT WORTHY OF BEING AMERICAN!

BUT DID GEORGE WASHINGTON GIVE UP AT VALLEY FORGE?
DID PAW AND HIS G.I. BUDDIES TURN AND RUN ON D-DAY?
NO.
THEY FOUND A WAY.
THE AMERICAN WAY!
AND IF I CAN'T JUMP HIGH ENOUGH...
THEN I'VE JUST...
GOTTA LEARN HOW TO...
FLY!

UP!
UUP!
UUUUP!
ALL THE WAY!

I KNOW FROM SCIENCE CLASS THAT COMETS ARE FROZEN LEFTOVERS FROM THE FORMATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
BUT IF THEY'RE JUST BALLS OF ICE AND ROCK, WHY DO I FEEL STRONGER THE CLOSER I GET TO THIS ONE?
WHY AM I SUDDENLY MORE IN TUNE WITH MY POWER?
AND WHY DO I SENSE SOMETHING CALLING ME?
CALLING ME HOME?

AND SO AT LAST, WE ARE REUNITED!
SOMEONE IS ALIVE IN HERE!
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM ONLY A BIT OF COSMIC COAGULATE IN ETERNAL SERVICE TO THE MAJESTY OF THE STARFATHER.
DUTY
HONOR
FAMILY
NATION
LOYALTY
BELIEF
OBEDIENCE
HE WHO GIVES LIGHT AND LIFE TO ALL THAT IS.
I HAVE SO MANY QUESTIONS.
WHAT DOES THIS COMET HAVE TO DO WITH ME AND MY POWERS?
DUTY
HONOR
FAMILY
NATION
LOYALTY
BELIEF
OBEDIENCE
KNOW THAT THE STARFATHER SEEKS TO ENSURE HIS CREATION IS IMBUED WITH FOUNDATIONAL TRUTHS.
TO THAT END HE SEEDS PROMISING WORLDS WITH A CHAMPION TO GUIDE, PROTECT, AND INSPIRE ITS INHABITANTS.
YOU, MY CHILD, WERE GROWN FROM STARDUST TO BE ONE SUCH DEFENDER.
I AM THE WOMB IN WHICH YOU GESTATED.
THEN IT WAS YOU THAT DROPPED ME ONTO MAW AND PAW'S CORN FIELD?
STARFATHER KNEW IF YOU WERE BROUGHT UP BY HUMANS YOU COULD SERVE THEM MORE FULLY.

I'VE ALWAYS FELT A CALLING TO SERVE HUMANITY!
I WANT TO USE MY POWERS TO HELP THE POOR AND AFFLICTED.
AND KEEP AMERICA SAFE FROM THE SCOURGE OF WORLD COMMUNISM!
FREEDOM REQUIRES KEEPING ORDER UNDER THE GOSPEL OF THE SEVEN ETERNAL TRUTHS!
DUTY
HONOR
FAMILY
NATION
LOYALTY
BELIEF
OBEDIENCE
DUTY, HONOR, FAMILY, NATION, LOYALTY, BELIEF, OBEDIENCE.
THESE ARE THE HIGHEST IDEALS OF STARFATHER.
TAKE EACH ONE INTO YOUR HEART, MY CHILD.
AND CLAIM YOUR BIRTHRIGHT...
AS A LIVING SYMBOL!

OF THE ONE TRUE MAN!
YES! YES!
WITH YOUR REBIRTH, MY LONG TASK HAS ENDED! I NOW GO PEACEFULLY TO MY WELL-EARNED REST!
WHILE YOU MUST PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY OF THE POWER AND RESPONSIBILITY STARFATHER HAS BESTOWED!
GO FORTH, TRUE-MAN!
AND FULFILL YOUR DESTINY!
I WILL! FAREWELL!

PAW'S GOING TO BE SO PROUD OF ME!
I CAN'T WAIT TO SHOW HIM AND MAW WHAT I'VE BECOME!
UH OH! SOMETHING'S WRONG DOWN ON THE FARM!
IT'S AN EXPLOSION!
OH NO! OUR HOME IN RUINS! AND THOSE COMMUNIST AGITATORS RUNNING FROM THE SCENE!
MAW? PAW? WHERE..?
U-UNDER HERE... KOF.

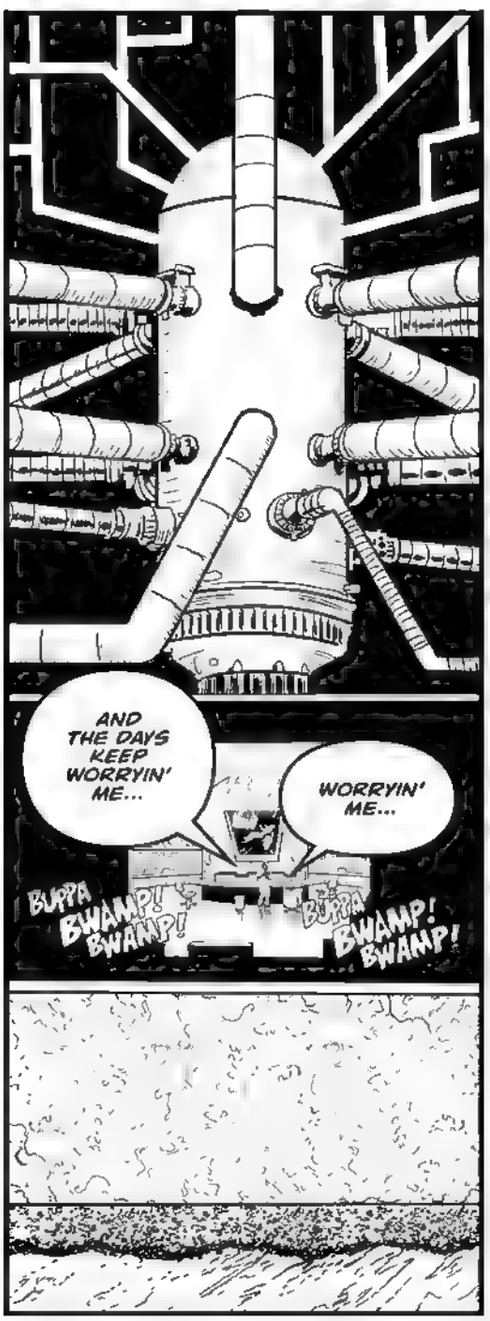
I'M DIFFERENT NOW, PAW. BUT I'M GOING TO GET YOU TWO OUT OF HERE AND TO A HOSPITAL.
YER TOO LATE, WESLEY. MAW'S GONE. AND I AIN'T GOT LONG.
IT WAS THOSE COMMUNISTS. THEY KILLED US RIGHT HERE IN OUR MARITAL BED!
WH-WHERE WERE YOU, SON?
Y-YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO BE...WATCHING OUT...
FOR US...
MAW! PAW! I-I FAILED YOU BOTH!
I WAS ONLY THINKING OF MYSELF! NOW YOU'RE DEAD!
AND I'M JUST AS RESPONSIBLE AS THOSE WHO PLANTED THE BOMB!
HAHAHA! YOU HEAR THAT CRYING, BROWNIE? IT'S SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS!
HOWZAT, DOC?

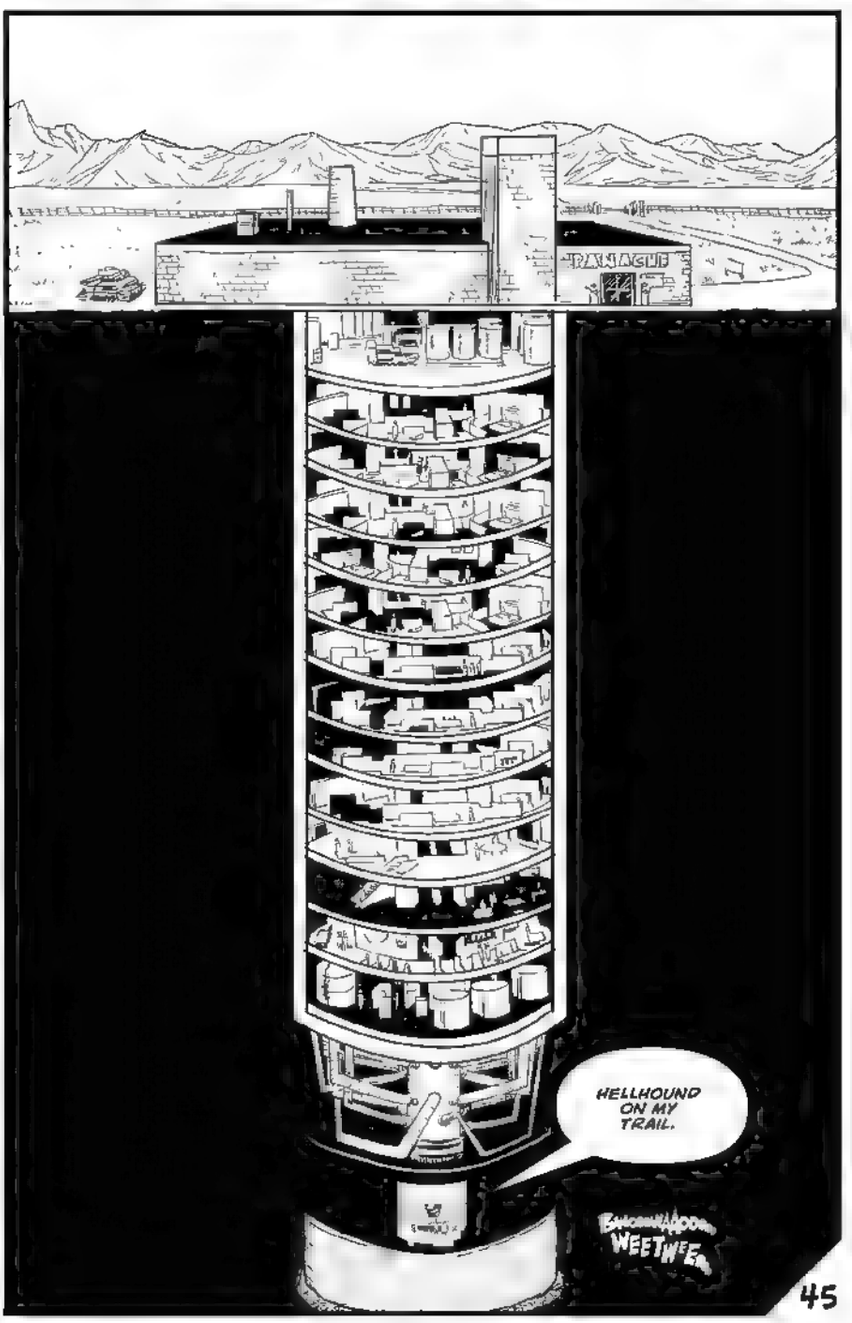
IT'S THE SOUND OF A MIND BEING REMOLDED AT ITS MOST PRIMAL LEVEL.
DOC, I KNOW I AIN'T S'POSED TO ASK NUTHIN' 'BOUT WHAT YOU EGGHEADS IS WORKIN' ON...
BUT THIS FELLAH YOU TAKIN' APART IN THERE-- WHO IS HE?
OR MAYBE WHAT IS HE?
BROWNIE, SINCE THERE'S NO CHANCE EITHER OF US WILL BE SEEING THE LIGHT OF DAY FOR THE DURATION OF THE PROJECT, AND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HELPFUL FINDING WEED FOR ME AND MY WIFE...
I'LL GIVE YOU THE SHORT VERSION.
THERE IS A SINGLE UNIFYING SPIRIT THAT ANIMATES EVERYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE.
IT IS THE SOURCE OF ALL MATTER, ENERGY, AND LIFE ITSELF.
MODERN CHEMISTRY HAS GIVEN US THE ABILITY TO EXPERIENCE THIS SPIRIT AT WILL.
LEVEL X
WHAT IT ULTIMATELY IS, WE DON'T KNOW.
THE IMPORTANT THING IS WE HAVE SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING A PIECE OF IT.
WHICH WE'VE STRIPPED OF ALL SENSE OF SELF AND ARE IN THE PROCESS OF REBUILDING TO SUIT OUR STRATEGIC NEEDS.
MY GREAT GRANMA TOLD STORIES ABOUT A BIG SPIRIT THAT MADE THE WORLD.
THE OLD TRIBES CALLED IT MUKURU.
IT HAS AS MANY NAMES AS THERE ARE CULTURES IN THE WORLD, BROWNIE.

THANKS AGAIN FOR THE REEFER, MY MAN.
LOCK UP ON YOUR WAY OUT. AND DON'T TOUCH ANY OF THE DIALS, OKAY?
SURE 'NUFF, DOC. G'NIGHT.
SO.
IF YOU'RE REALLY MUKURU, I GOT A COUPLE THINGS I'D LIKE TO PARLAY.
FIRST IS TO THANK YOU FOR MAKIN' THIS WORLD FOR US. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THING.
BUT YOU KNOW, A LOT OF THE PEOPLE IN IT ARE SUFFERIN'. AND THEY BEEN WONDERIN' WHY YOU PUT THEM CRAZY MOTHERFUCKERS IN CHARGE.
NOW YOU IN IRONS TOO.
PO' BOY.
TAP TAP TAP
BUPPA BWAMP! BWAMP! BWOOOWAAOOOOO WEETWEEOOO

I GOT TO KEEP MOVIN'...
OH I GOT TO KEEP MOVIN'...
BUPPA BWAMP! BWAMP!
BUPPA BWAMP! BWAMP!

BLUES FALLIN' DOWN LIKE HAIL.
BWOOOOW.WOOOO WEETWEEOO


AND THE DAYS KEEP WORRYIN' ME...
WORRYIN' ME...
BUPPA BWAMP! BWAMP!
BUPPA BWAMP! BWAMP!


HELLHOUND ON MY TRAIL.
BWOOOWWOOOO WEETWEE

CITADEL OF SILENCE, NORTHERN MEXICO
SEPTEMBER 19, 1969
HOW MANY YEARS SINCE YOU DRAGGED MY DUFF OFF THAT BATTLEFIELD, PEPE?
MUST BE FIVE OR SIX WE BEEN HOLED UP HERE IN THE JUNGLE HOPIN' BLONDIE WOULD SHOW HIS FACE.
THAT DANG FUCKNUCKLE WAS SO SPOOKED ABOUT REVEALIN' HIS SECRET IDENTITY HE GOT HALF THE US ARMY RIDIN' US DOWN.

THANKS TO THOSE CELLS HE PUT ON OUR WOUNDS WE NEVER GET SICK. DON'T SEEM TO GROW OLDER EVEN.
MY DAMN CLOTHES ARE JUST ABOUT FALLIN' OFF ME THOUGH.
RUF!

I GOTTA BAD HUNCH BLONDIE AIN'T COMIN' TO SAVE US, PEPE.
AND MAYBE WE OUGHTA BE THINKIN' ABOUT HEADIN' BACK TO CIVILIZATION AND SAVIN' HIM.
GRRRRR.

WHAT'CHA GROWLIN' AT, PEPE?
SOMETHIN' OUT THERE?
GRRRRR!
LOOKS LIKE SOME HOMBRE. WE BETTER HITCH A GIDDYUP BEFORE HE GETS A GOOD LOOK AT US.
RUF!
NOT MANY HUNTERS MAKE IT THIS DEEP INTO THE BUSH.
WE'LL GIVE HIM THE SLIP UP IN THE CANOPY.
RUF!
WHERE AIN'T NOBODY CAN GO.
'CEPT US'N WHO GOT A HEAPIN' HELPIN' OF BLONDIE'S CELLS.
OR A DAMN MONKEY MAYBE.
YIP! YIP!

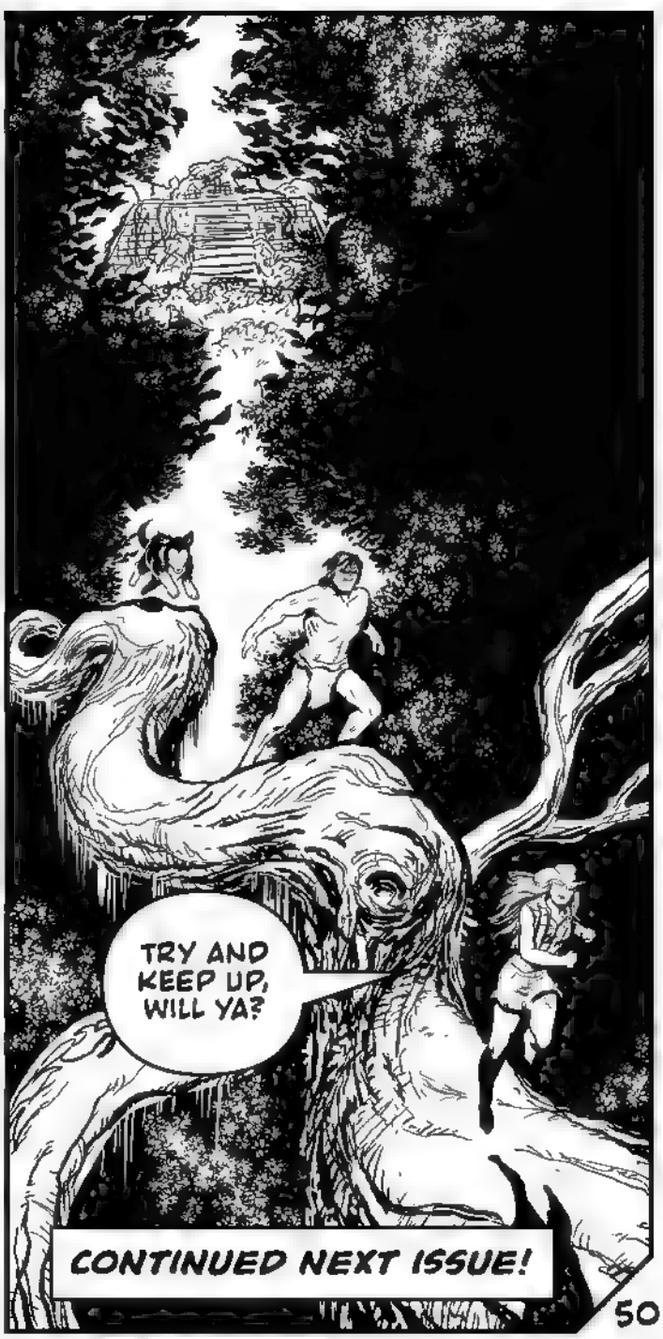
EVA EVANS. WE TALK.
CHRIST A'MIGHTY! I DUNNO WHO YOU ARE OR HOW YOU BEAT US HERE BUT YOU JUST BETTER TURN LEFT PAST YONDER BEFORE PEPE MAKES YER GUTS HIS CHEW TOY!
WHUF! WHUF! WHUUF!!
GRAAAR! RARR! SNRL!
GRNARR! SNARL! RUF!
I TELL DOG MEAN YOU NO HARM.
OFFER ASS.
BY SCENT DOG KNOWS I SPEAK TRUTH.
WELL, AIN'T THAT A CUTE WAY TO SAY HOWDY DO?
YOU LOOK LIKE THAT ACTOR IN THE MOVIES -- WINZAR, THE ROYAL APE. THEY FILMING AROUND HERE?
AM REAL WINZAR -- TWELFTH EARL OF LONGSTROKE, SEVENTH IN LINE TO THE BRITISH THRONE.
NO NEED TO CURTSY.
WAS FERAL CHILD RAISED IN AFRICA BY APES. AM MORE AT HOME IN JUNGLE THAN DRAWING ROOM.
OR MOVIE SET.

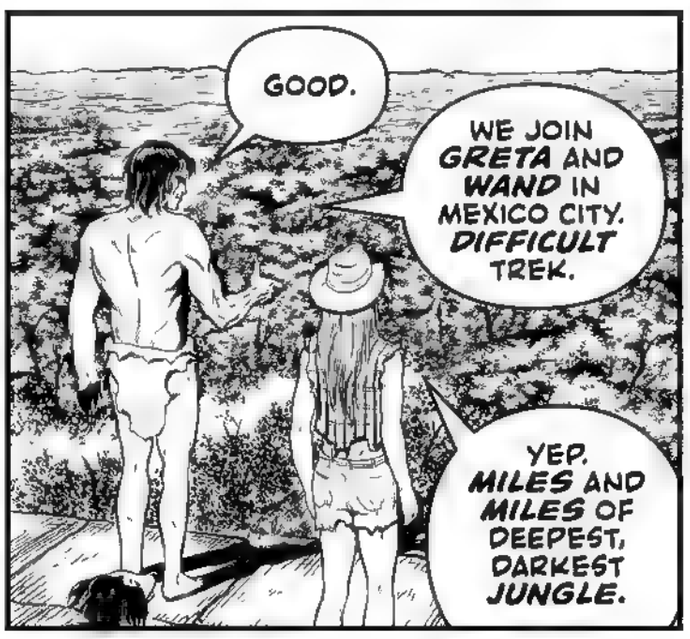
AND YOU JUST HAPPEN TO BE OUT SWINGIN' AROUND IN THE RAINFOREST OF NORTHERN MEXICO?
TRACKED YOU BECAUSE OF YOUR CONNECTION TO WHAT AFRICANS SPEAK OF AS MUKURU.
THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.
THOSE WHO WOULD BE MASTERS OF THE EARTH ARE BLIND TO MUKURU.
BUT I AM NOT.
I LIVE IT.
WILD THINGS SENSE MUKURU IN GRAVE DANGER. MUST ACT TO PROTECT AND PRESERVE MUKURU.
TRAIL LED TO SECRET AMERICAN WEAPONS PROGRAM. AND EVENTS SIX YEARS AGO IN BANTAM, TEXAS.
THEN HERE. TO YOU.
ALSO ADVISING BRITISH INTELLIGENCE AS FAVOR TO QUEEN, WHO IS COUSIN.
KGB INVOLVED AS WELL.
SURMISED YOU ESCAPED THE AMERICANS. REQUEST YOU HELP FREE MUKURU FROM THEM.
AND YOU BELIEVE SOME BUNCH OF SPIES ARE GOING TO SUDDENLY ACT LIKE BOY SCOUTS AND DO THE RIGHT THING?
WELL I'M HERE TO TELL YA' THAT AIN'T GOT NO MORE CHANCE THAN A JUNE BUG IN A CHICKEN COOP, YER HIGHNESS.

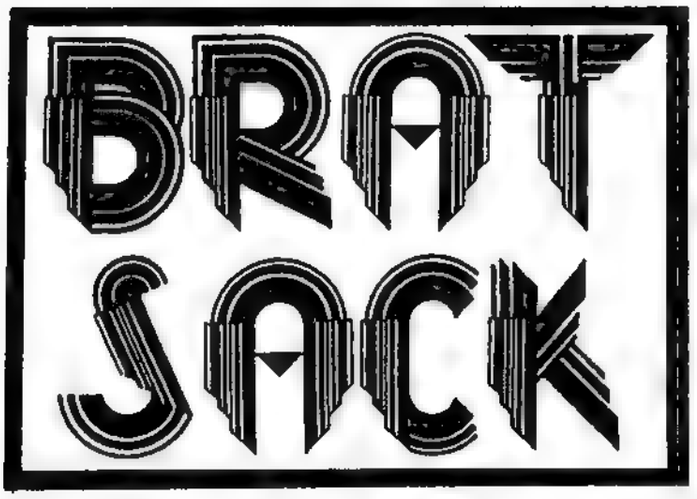
BRITISH AGENT KNOWN TO ME. JAMES WAND. BROTHER TO HISTA THE SNAKE.
RUSSIAN GRETA GILYOV NO BETTER. CLAIMS TO KNOW YOU.
IF EITHER BETRAYS YOU OR MUKURU, MY KNIFE WILL FIND THEIR THROAT.

IT WAS GRETA WHO WARNED ME ABOUT THE CIA. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW I TRUST ANYONE RIDIN' IN THIS RODEO, Y'KNOW?
DOG KNOWS I SPEAK TRUTH.
WANTS YOU KNOW HIS NAME NOT PEPE. IS BUDDY.

THAT'S JUST THE KINDA DUMB AS DIRT NAME BLONDIE'D GIVE HIS DOG.
WELL, IF THE BOUQUET OF YOUR ROYAL TOUCH-HOLE IS ENOUGH FOR BUDDY, IT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.


TRY AND KEEP UP, WILL YA?
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!


GOOD.
WE JOIN GRETA AND WAND IN MEXICO CITY. DIFFICULT TREK.
YEP. MILES AND MILES OF DEEPEST, DARKEST JUNGLE.



The **King Hell Heroica** marches on with this first installment of **TRUE-MAN THE MAXIMORTAL!**

With publication of this issue, I'm about 200 pages from finishing the projected 800 pages that make up the five novel cycle. It's been a long gestation but I've gotten into the right groove to bring it all home, flesh willing. And the Amazon Kindle system works really well, freeing me from the needs of distributors, publishers and retailers to focus on the creative work. I hope you're enjoying reading it as much as I enjoy writing and drawing it. I have lots of twists, turns and unexpected appearances teed up for upcoming chapters in this third volume in the Heroica cycle.

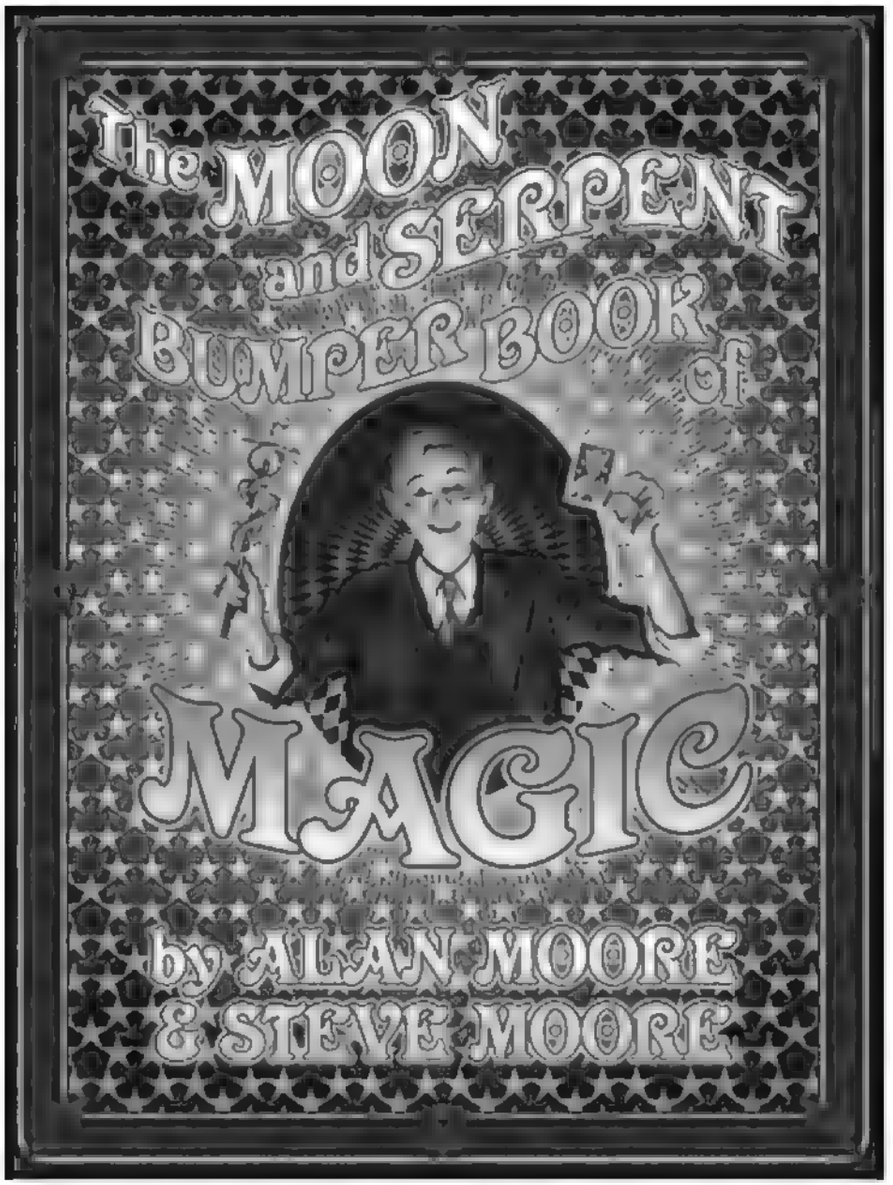
It will, when finished, lead directly into **BRAT PACK,** one of the three Heroica trade paperback collections available now on Amazon, the others being **THE MAXIMORTAL** and **BOY MAXIMORTAL.** Yes, I released them out of order but, hey, that's why I'm a self publisher.

The current plan is to also keep the four issues of **BOY MAXIMORTAL COMICS** available too. Readers seem to go for the price and format: ten bucks for 50 pages of new Maximortal and 50 pages of mad shit from my checkered past sprinkled with a few ads. Interestingly, when I released the **BOY MAXIMORTAL** trade paperback collection, sales of the comic got a nice bump too. So it makes sense to keep them alive and purring in my backlist.

Life goes on up here in the mountains. The coolest news I have to share is that **Columbia University Library** has acquired my personal archives for their **Comics and Cartoons Collection.** That means, once they've catalogued everything into their system, anyone can request to view documents, contracts, process materials, scripts and correspondence compiled from my lifetime of comics making. The original **Hero! Comics** that I wrote and drew as a kid are there along with over forty sketchbooks in which **SWAMP THING, THE ONE, MIRACLEMAN, ABRAXAS, 1963, TMNT, RARE BIT FIENDS** and every other project throughout my professional career was hammered into rough shape. All props go to **Curator of the Columbia Crypt, Karen Green,** for making it happen. And shout outs to **Bob Moore** and **John Waite** up here in New England who expertly catalogued and appraised the beast.

One interesting nugget of arcanum filed in the archive is **Alan Moore's** typewritten script for the chapter I illustrated in **The Moon and Serpent Bumper Book of Magic.** Co-authored with **Steve Moore,** the Bumper Book is a grimoire explaining how these two psychonauts have come to perceive the inner workings of consciousness. I provided a handful of pen and ink drawings for the chapter that describes how to create one's own imaginary god written in the style of a cub scout manual. It's a hilarious demonstration of Alan's gift for literary mimicry that reveals a great truth about what it means to be human. Over fifteen years in production, the Bumper Book is scheduled for late October release.

To those who can't get enough of my blathering, there are a couple interview things in the pipeline. **Comic Book**



Creator #38 has my kisser on the cover, writhing with characters I've wrestled out of the imagination. I was not allowed to use most of the corporate franchise characters I had a hand in but I'm cool with just billboarding my own creative output. Editor **Jon B. Cook** has long been laying down a smart, in-depth documentation of the modern history of comics and I'm honored to get the treatment. Ships in April 2025.

Meanwhile, **University Press of Mississippi** is about to release **Conversations With Rick Veitch**, edited by **Brannon Costello** as part of their **Comic Studies** series. It's a compendium of my interviews over the decades with an all new discussion of my overall career trajectory with esteemed comics writer, artist, historian and dog brother **Steve Bissette.** Not sure of the release date but maybe early 2025?

In other news, the good folks at **Cosmo Editoria**l just released their Italian language edition of **Boy Maximortal.** And they are right now preparing **Army@Love: The Hot Zone Club** in Italian for early 2025 publication. When DC returned the rights to me they included the color files so I was able to provide those to Cosmo. Any American publishers out there interested?

MY BACK PAGES

This issue offers a particularly pungent smorgasbord of lost and little seen Veitch spew. Here's a quick rundown:

MUNDEN'S BAR: A back-up story that ran in **GRIM JACK #2** circa 1984 from First Comics. Set in the most dangerous neighborhood of Cynosure, the inter dimensional city where **Ostrander** and **Truman's John Gaunt,** swordsman for hire, plied his mercenary trade. I was hoping to run the original pen and ink art here but came up two pages short. So I've scanned the deteriorating pulp of the original printing and cleaned it up as best I could. I think it looks pretty cool in grey tones; much better than the hideous colors in the Munden's Bar collected edition of ten years ago. John and Tim, I owe you both a beer next time we meet up!

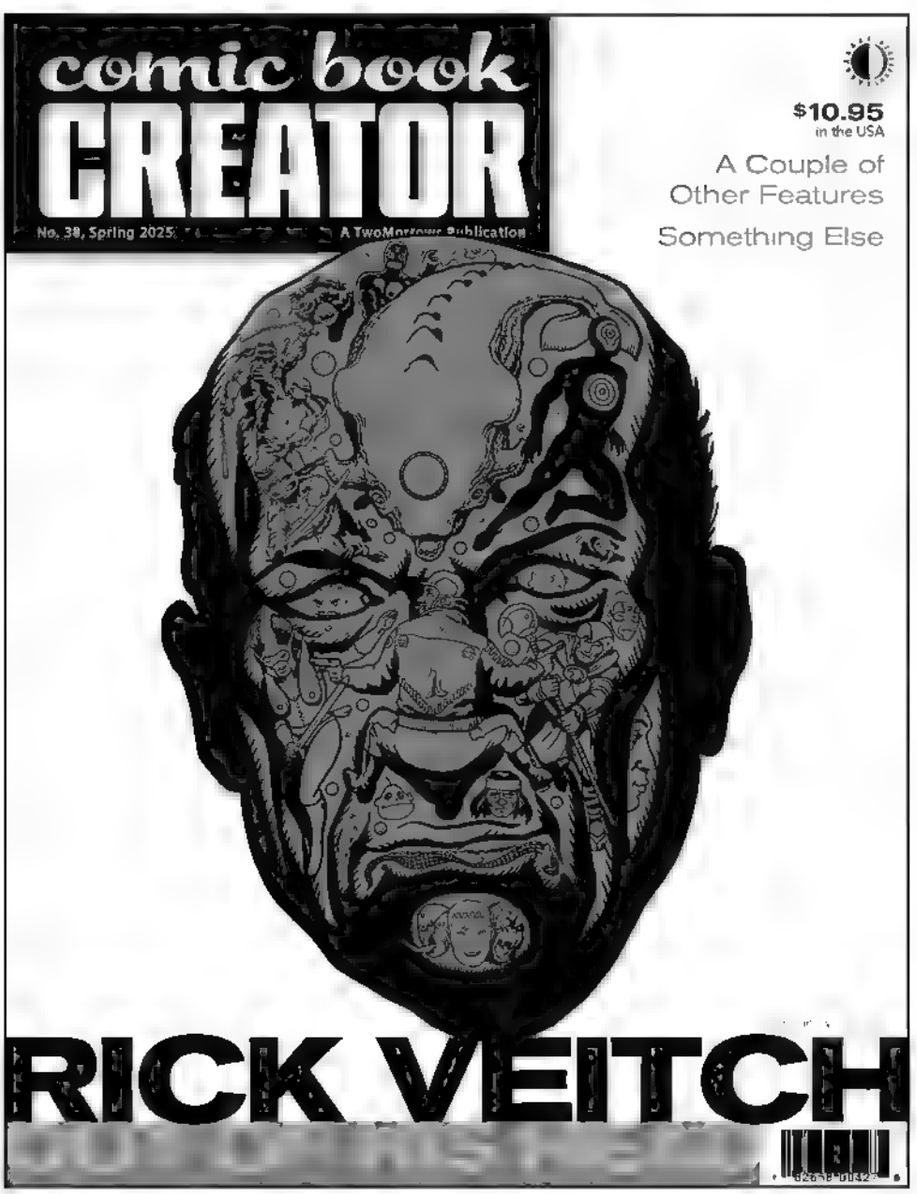
THE SECRET LIFE OF THE BRAIN: Originally done in 2014 for the PBS series of the same name as part of a lesson plan package. **Todd Klein** outdid himself on the splash page lettering, don't you think?

TIMESPIRITS DEATHDAZE: Another 1984 side project, done while I was working on **THE ONE** for Epic Comics. **TIMESPIRITS** was also an Epic Comics series, created by **Stephen Perry** and **Thomas Yeates.** This particular story was done for **TIMESPIRITS #4,** a special issue featuring guest artists like myself, **Al Williamson** and **Steve Bissette** each taking a chapter in the story with **Archie Goodwin** editing. A complete collection of all the whole **TIMESPIRITS** run is in the planning stages, I'm told.

KIM DOTCOM: Presented here in the original German as it appeared in **WIRED MAGAZINE** in Europe. I don't believe it was translated or published here in the States. It essentially hits the career highlights of one of those major fraudsters that mushroomed with the dot com boom. This was the job that made me finally bite the bullet and learn the software so I could pencil, ink and letter everything digitally on my first Cintiq.

MY BIZARRE CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE: Another **Steve Perry** story, circa 1984. This is my favorite out of all the comics that I illustrated from his scripts. It was a bitch to draw and letter because of the copious copy but the word smithing is excellent and I think I made everything work. It carries a nice emotional wallop even now forty years after we did it. Originally published in **MARVEL BIZARRE ADVENTURES** (which amazingly offered a deal by which we kept the copyright.)

THE MONSTER HUNTERS CLUB: First published in 1997 in **NIGHTMARE THEATER** from CHAOS! Comics. Script by **Hart Fisher,** pencils by me and inks by **Tom Yeates.** Edited by **Phil Nutman.** The original color printing was way too saturated and heavy, drowning out the beautiful ink lines of **Tom Yeates.** So I think it's going to look really great in black and white. Since I'm working from the original art and don't have the original files, I have relettered it using the Rick Veitch font.



So that's it from the mighty **Sun Comics** studios! I'm hoping to do a new issue of **RARE BIT FIENDS** next, just to cleanse the palate, then it's back into **TRUE-MAN THE MAXIMORTAL #2.** Keep your eyes on my **facebook** posts for updates.

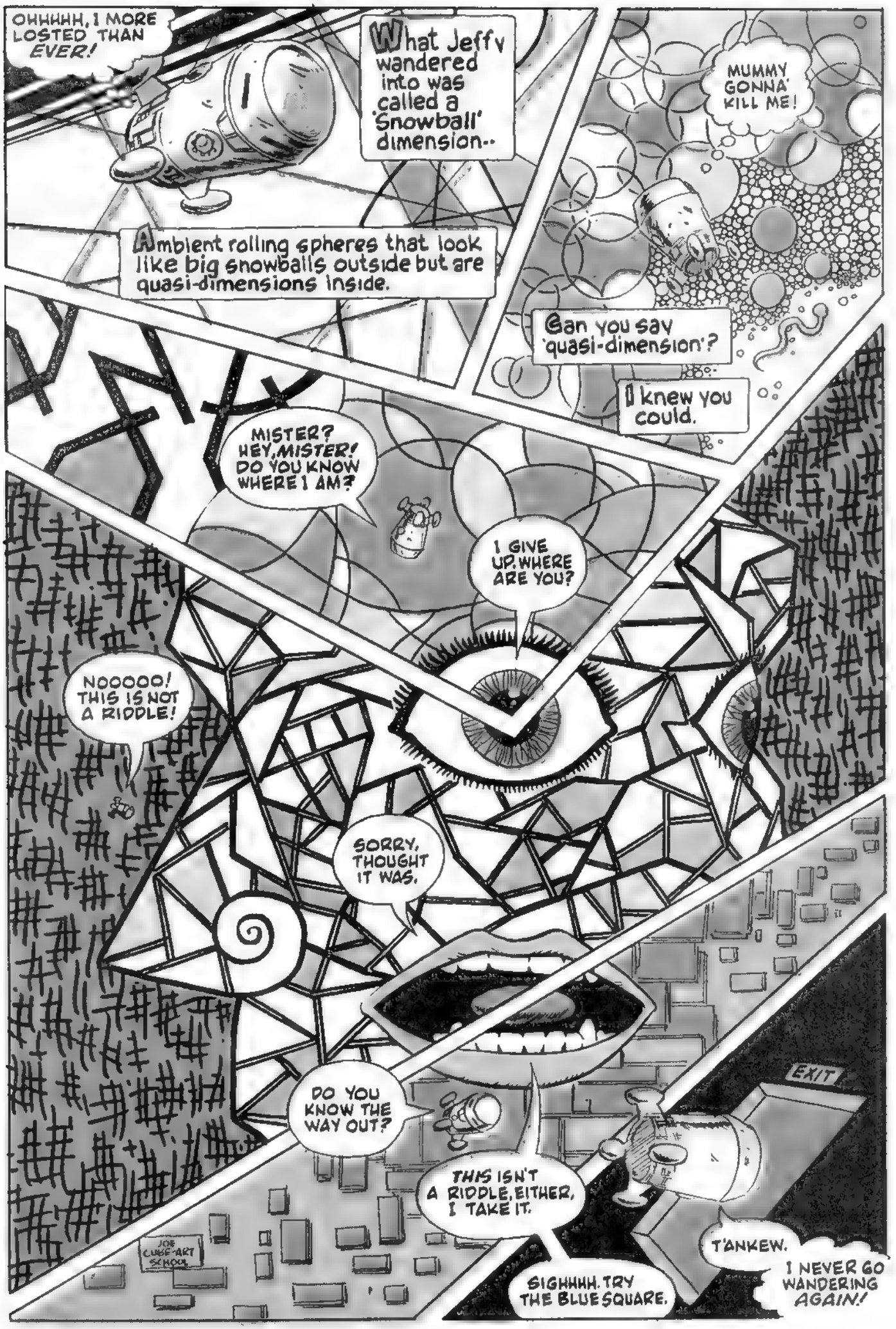
Rick

MY BACK PAGES

Once upon a time there was an eight year old Silesian slug named Jeffy and this is the story of how Jeffy ended up in a place called...
MUNDEN'S BAR™
It all began when Jeffy went shopping with his Mummy in Cynosure...
HUNTER S. THOMPSON DAY SALE
OOOOHOOOOOO! JEFFY, SWEET'UMS, LOOK! THE LOCAL KELDOMART IS HAVING A BIG, BIG SALE!
NOW, OOO STAY RIGHT HERE, SWEET'UMS! MUMMY'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
OKAY, MUMMY!
JEFFY
JOHN OSTRANDER-WRITE
RICK VEITCH-ART
JANICE COHEN-CO
MIKE GOLD-ED
SKETCH
ONE SIDE, YOU LOATHSOME DOUBLE-DONKED LOADS OF WOMBAT OFFAL! A MOTHER HAS COME TO SHOP!
I BORED.

So Jeffy went for a walk and wouldn't you know it? He got lost in the very worst city you can get lost in...
...Cynosure!
UH OH! MUMMY GONNA' BE MAD AT ME!
SMILIN' SMERTA'S TOURBOT
So Jeffy walked and he walked, hoping to find out where he was, until...
MAYBE THAT MAN OVER THERE CAN TELL ME WHERE TO GO!
RIGHT THIS WAY TO SMILIN' SMERTA'S BUDGET TOURBOT RENTAL! YAAS, YAAAS!
HOLD ON, PILGRIM! Y'LOOK LOST! FIRST TIME IN CYNOSURE, RIGHT? WHAT YOU NEED IS A TOURBOT!
THESE ROBOTIC BEAUTIES TAKE YOUR VACATION FOR YA', WHILE YOU REST HERE. SAFE N' SOUND, YAAAAS!
POP!
WHAT SAY WE LOSE THE BALLOON, OKAY?
BUT...
TOURBOTS GO EVERYWHERE YOU CAN, AND SOME PLACES YOU CAN'T. SEE, HEAR, FEEL, TASTE AND SMELL THROUGH THEIR SENSORS -- WITH A BUILT IN 95 MM. CAMERA BESIDES!
WE GIVE PUCE STAMPS
ONLY 500 CREDS A DAY. HOW CAN SMERTA CHARGE SO LITTLE, YOU ASK? 'CAUSE I'M A MANIAC. DAT'S WHY! YAAAAS!
BUT...
HAVE A GEAT!
JUST PLUG YA' IN N' YER ALL SET!
BUT...

ONLY THING YOU CAN'T FEEL IS PAIN. JUST A PRECAUTION... GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS.
BUT...
WE'LL JUST...UHNNG! START UP GOOD OL'... RERRRRGH! RELIABLE #109 HERE!
FWUBB! DUBB! DA
KOF KOF PLOK!
PUT PUT
SMILIN' SMERTA'S TOURBOT RENTAL
TOURBOT RENTAL
GWAN! KILL YERSELF! HAVE A GOOD TIME!
PUT PUT PUT
MAYBE I CAN FIND MUMMY THIS WAY!
And so Jeffy got his very own tourbot, but he just got more lost than ever.
RUMBLE
MUMMY?
IS THAT YOU?
PUT PUT
RUMBLE
HEY! YOU NOT MY MUMMY!
RUMBLE RUMBL
MUMMYDADDY
MUMMYDADDY
MUMMYDADDY
PUT PUT PUT
EEEEEEEEE

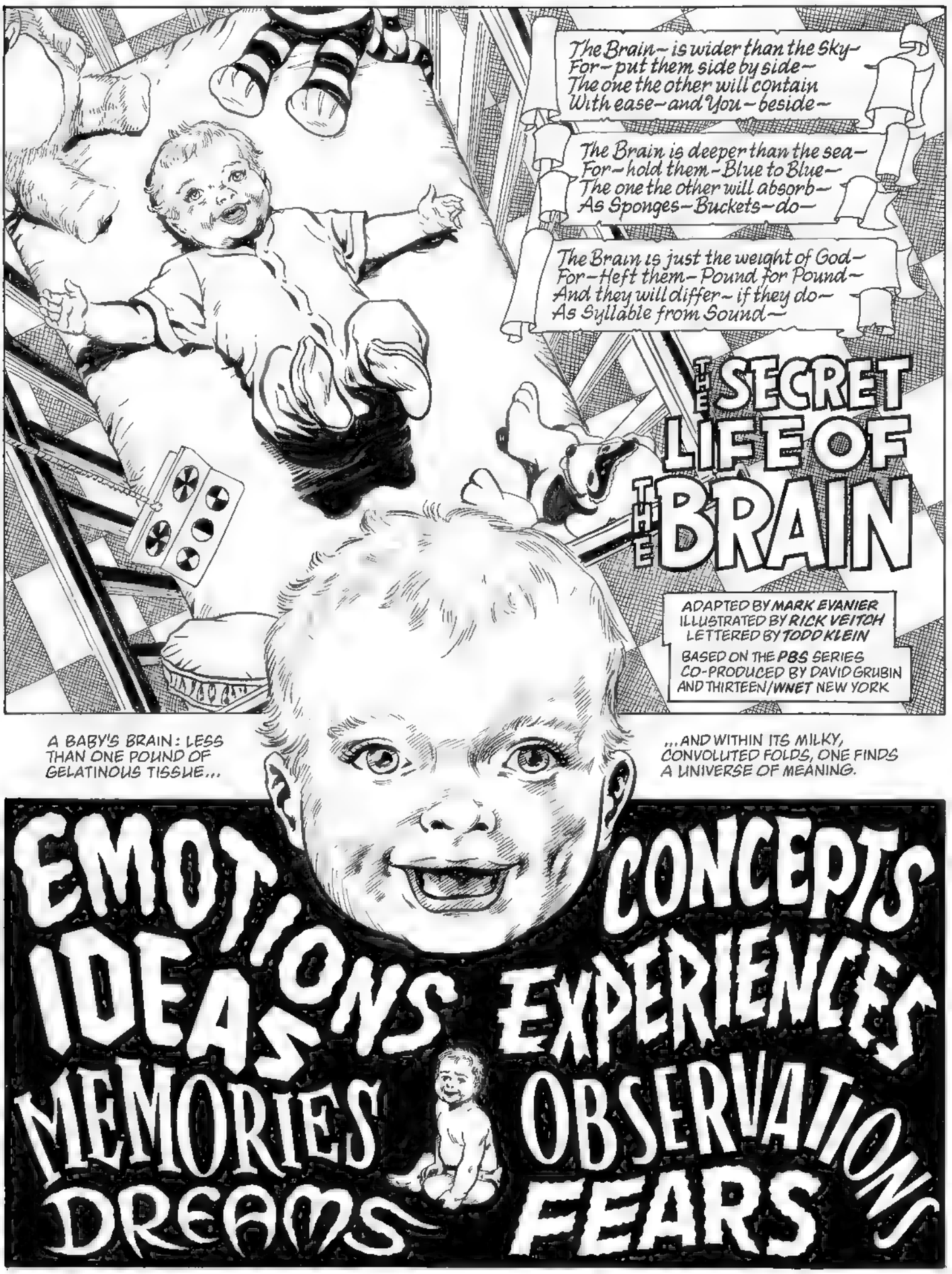

OHHHHH, I MORE LOSTED THAN EVER!
What Jeffy wandered into was called a 'Snowball' dimension--
MUMMY GONNA KILL ME!
Ambient rolling spheres that look like big snowballs outside but are quasi-dimensions inside.
Can you say 'quasi-dimension'?
I knew you could.
MISTER? HEY, MISTER! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I AM?
I GIVE UP. WHERE ARE YOU?
NOOOOO! THIS IS NOT A RIDDLE!
SORRY, THOUGHT IT WAS.
DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT?
EXIT
THIS ISN'T A RIDDLE, EITHER, I TAKE IT.
T'ANKEW.
SIGHHHH. TRY THE BLUE SQUARE.
I NEVER GO WANDERING AGAIN!
JOE CUBE-ART SCHOOL

MUNDEN'S
OH DEAR!
Snowballs rarely leave you where they find you, and this one left poor Jeffy in the awfullest part of Cynosure of all...
NO TOURBOTS! THIS MEANS YOU!
DERNK
The Pit!
IT SOUNDS LIKE PEOPLE ARE DOWN HERE. I LOOK.
MAYBE THEY HELP ME!
TOURBOT WILL BE INCINERATED
NO!NGA NO!NGA
And deep inside the pit -- Munden's Bar...
A very, very bad place for a tourbot!
OLD BALL BAG
NO TOURBOTS!
TOURBOTS VERBOTTEN
MAYBE I ASK NICE MAN OVER THERE READING.
OH, MISTER...
SHOO. GO 'WAY. SCRAM. BEAT IT. TAKE A HIKE.
NO GODDAM TOURBOTS SERVED.
Y'GODDAM TOURBOTS ARE WORSE'N GODDAM COCKROACHES N' THERE'S MORE OF YA'. AIR YERSELF!
BUT, MISTER...
LAST WARNIN', YA' CHEAP BUCKET O'TIN.
BUT ALL I WANT...
OKAY.
THAT'S IT.

WHEN I SAY WE DON'T SERVE TOURBOTS...
I MEAN WE DON'T SERVE TOURBOTS!
SNAP!
BUH-DOOM!
FRANG
OOOOOOH! AM I DEAD YET?
HAH HAH HAH! NAH NAH NAH! JUST GOT YER 'BOT BLEW UP IS ALL.
LISTEN, WE'LL JUST ADD IT TO YER OLD BILL HERE! MURDA FURDA... ADD THE ONE... CARRY THE TWO...
ROUNDED OFF, LET'S CALL IT 11,000 CREDS!
BUT I NOT HAVE ANY CREDS!
I ONLY 8 YEARS OLD!
WHAAAAAAT! A MINOR?
I CAN'T COLLECT OFF NO MINOR!
FRAGBAG THE FRAGBAGGIN' LI'L FRAGBAGGER!
GET OUTA' HERE!
FONT

SNURK!
SNIFF!
THAT'LL TEACH THE LI'L PLAGBOK!
CRRREAK
But even a plagbok has feelings.
BAWWW!
BAWWWWW!
RRRUMBLE
CRASH!
EEE
AAAA
IIIII
OOOO
UUUU
WAAAAHHHH!
SMILIN' SMERTA'S TOMB
SNIF
SNERK.
Jeffy feels all better now.
The same cannot be said for poor Mr. Smerta.
NOINGA NOINGA!
I GO FIND MY MUMMY.

And sure enough, by simply following his own slime trail, Jeffy was able to find his way back to the store...
Just in time!
OOOOHOOOO!
JEFFY, SWEET'UMS! HERE COMES MUMMY!
WAS 'UM A GOOD IDDLE SLUG WHILE MUMMY SHOPPED?
DID OOO STAY RIGHT HERE ALL THAT TIME?
OH, YES, MUMMY!
OOO, YOU IS MUMMY'S FAVE-O-RITE LIDDLE SLUG!
GIVE MUMMY A BIG KISS!
Well, yes, boys and girls, Jeffy did lie, but, as all good little slugs know...
GINK!
Sometimes parents are happier not knowing everything you do!
FIN


The Brain – is wider than the Sky –
For – put them side by side –
The one the other will contain
With ease – and You – beside –
The Brain is deeper than the sea –
For – hold them – Blue to Blue –
The one the other will absorb –
As Sponges – Buckets – do –
The Brain is just the weight of God –
For – Heft them – Pound for Pound –
And they will differ – if they do –
As Syllable from Sound –
THE SECRET LIFE OF THE BRAIN
ADAPTED BY MARK EVANIER
ILLUSTRATED BY RICK VEITCH
LETTERED BY TODD KLEIN
BASED ON THE PBS SERIES
CO-PRODUCED BY DAVID GRUBIN
AND THIRTEEN/WNET NEW YORK
A BABY'S BRAIN: LESS THAN ONE POUND OF GELATINOUS TISSUE...
...AND WITHIN ITS MILKY, CONVOLUTED FOLDS, ONE FINDS A UNIVERSE OF MEANING.
EMOTIONS
IDEAS
MEMORIES
DREAMS
CONCEPTS
EXPERIENCES
OBSERVATIONS
FEARS

A PIECE OF THE BRAIN ABOUT THE SIZE OF A GRAIN OF RICE CONTAINS ABOUT 10,000 NERVE CELLS.
EACH NERVE CELL IS CAPABLE OF MAKING BETWEEN 1 AND 10,000 CONNECTIONS.
ALL OF THE TESTS SAY YOUR BABY IS IN THE BEST OF HEALTH...
HIS LUNGS AND HEART ARE BOTH WORKING FINE...
...AND THE VITAL ORGAN, SO CENTRAL TO ALL OTHERS, IS DEVELOPING RIGHT ON SCHEDULE...
YOU MEAN...HIS BRAIN?
YES. IT'S REALLY REMARKABLE THE WAY BILLIONS OF BRAIN CELLS FORGE LINKS WITH BILLIONS OF OTHER BRAIN CELLS...
THE PROCESS OF BRAIN DEVELOPMENT BEGINS SOON AFTER CONCEPTION. BY FOUR WEEKS, THE FIRST BRAIN CELLS--THE NEURONS--ARE ALREADY FORMING AT AN ASTONISHING RATE...
500,000 NEURONS EVERY MINUTE... NEURONS THAT WILL NEVER REPRODUCE THEMSELVES, AND RARELY BE REPLACED...
BY THE TIME THE FETUS IS 24 WEEKS ALONG, THE HEART AND LUNGS ARE FUNCTIONAL...
THE DEVELOPING BRAIN HAS NEARLY ITS FULL COMPLEMENT OF BILLIONS OF NEURONS...
...BUT THE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN THOSE NEURONS HAVE NOT YET BEEN COMPLETED...

EVENTUALLY, THERE WILL BE TRILLIONS OF CONNECTIONS BETWEEN CELLS...
...EVERY LINK CAREFULLY ORGANIZED AND WITH A SPECIFIC FUNCTION.
BILLIONS OF CONNECTIONS ARE MADE WITH LIGHTNING SPEED...
...NEARLY TWO MILLION EVERY SECOND, ALL ACCORDING TO A PLAN BUILT INTO THE GENETIC CODE...
SO HOW DOES THE BRAIN KNOW WHERE TO SEND ALL THESE NEURONS?
THAT, WE WOULD LOVE TO KNOW.
IT'S LIKE A PLAY--BUT ONE THAT HAS NO DIRECTOR, NO PRODUCER, AND A CAST OF ACTORS WHO HAVE NEVER SPOKEN THEIR LINES BEFORE...
SOMEHOW, IN SPITE OF THIS, THE "PLAY" GETS PERFORMED...
SCRIPT
AND SO, THE BABY GOES HOME, BUT THE PROCESS CONTINUES...
HOSPITAL
WITHIN HIS BRAIN, HE HAS A SWIRLING PROFUSION OF NEURONS...ALL REACHING OUT TO MAKE THOSE CONNECTIONS...
...DISCOVERING ONE ANOTHER.

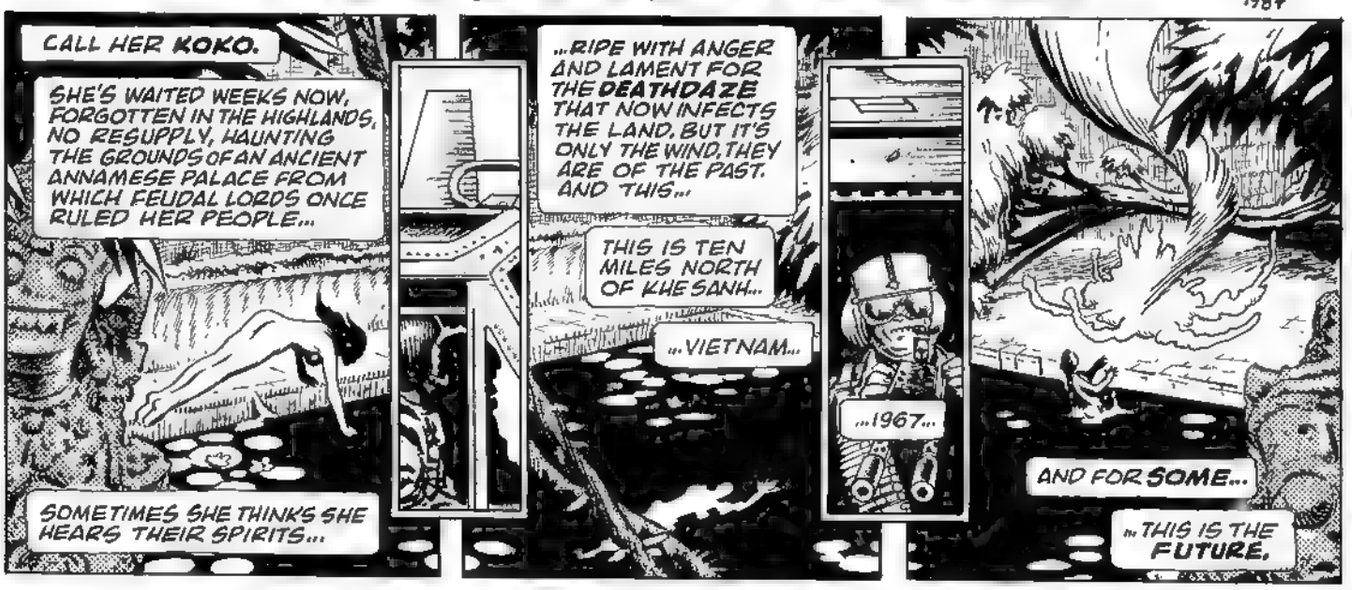
AS THEY DO, MANY MYSTERIOUS AND PROFOUND CHANGES TAKE PLACE...
GA DA GOO WA GA!
...CHANGES SUCH AS LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT.
IT BEGINS WITH LISTENING:
A BABY SORTS THROUGH A BABBLE OF SOUNDS WITH MORE KEEN AN EAR THAN A SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR...
NEUROSCIENTIST PAT KUHL STUDIES THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF LANGUAGE...
AT BIRTH AND FOR A SHORT PERIOD THEREAFTER, BABIES HAVE THIS INCREDIBLY EXQUISITE ABILITY...
THEY CAN HEAR DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ALL THE SOUNDS USED IN THE WORLD'S LANGUAGES.
I LIKE TO REFER TO THEM AS "CITIZENS OF THE WORLD."
THROUGH REPETITION AND PRACTICE, THE CHILD BECOMES FLUENT IN THE SPOKEN LANGUAGE THAT IS HIS BIRTHRIGHT...
HERO MAN GO BOOM!
...A MARVELOUS SKILL THAT IS WITHOUT LIMITS.
AS A CHILD GROWS INTO AN ADULT, THE BRAIN BECOMES MORE AND MORE COMPLEX...
...AN INTRICATE, MODULAR ORGAN OF MANY HIGHLY SPECIALIZED PARTS.

ADOLESCENCE IS THE LAST GREAT TIME OF ENORMOUS BRAIN CHANGE AND BRAIN DEVELOPMENT...
...AN AGE WHEREIN IS DETERMINED SO MUCH OF WHAT THE PERSON CAN AND WILL BE IN THE FUTURE...
DURING PUBERTY, THE BRAIN BEGINS TEEMING WITH HORMONES...
THE PRE-FRONTAL CORTEX--THE CENTER OF REASONING AND IMPULSE CONTROL--IS ESPECIALLY UNDERGOING CHANGES...
IT IS A TIME OF ROILING EMOTIONS AND POOR JUDGMENT...
AS THE BRAIN MATURES, THE TEENAGER ALSO FACES SPECIAL RISKS...
...FROM ADDICTIVE DRUGS AND ALCOHOL THAT CAN HIJACK THE BRAIN, TO THE CHAOS OF SCHIZOPHRENIA WHICH STRIKES MOST OFTEN DURING ADOLESCENCE.
THE DEVELOPING BRAIN IS IN A STATE OF FLUX, SHAPING PERSONALITY, BEHAVIOR... EVEN IDENTITY ITSELF...
THE BRAIN IS ALWAYS A WORK-IN-PROGRESS.

...EXCEPT DURING THE...

DEATHDAZE

STORY © STEPHEN PERRY
ART © RICK VEITCH 1984


CALL HER KOKO.
SHE'S WAITED WEEKS NOW, FORGOTTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS, NO RESUPPLY, HAUNTING THE GROUNDS OF AN ANCIENT ANNAMESE PALACE FROM WHICH FEUDAL LORDS ONCE RULED HER PEOPLE...
SOMETIMES SHE THINK'S SHE HEARS THEIR SPIRITS...
...RIPE WITH ANGER AND LAMENT FOR THE DEATHDAZE THAT NOW INFECTS THE LAND. BUT IT'S ONLY THE WIND. THEY ARE OF THE PAST. AND THIS...
THIS IS TEN MILES NORTH OF KHE SANH...
...VIETNAM...
...1967...
AND FOR SOME...
...THIS IS THE FUTURE.

DRAGON GOD!
I'M UNWORTHY OF THIS MIRACLE.
A GIRL. SPEAKING AN ODD TONGUE.
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.
...LLLOOOOOPPPP!
DON'T BE AFRAID. I'M POOT OF THE WAWENOC, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A GIRL AS PRETTY AS YOU.
HAVE YOU COME TO HELP ME, DRAGON GOD?
I UNDERSTAND YOUR EYES IF NOT YOUR LANGUAGE.
WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

FLASHFIRE BLUE ZONE!
VICTOR CHARLIE AT THREE O'CLOCK!
LOOKIT THIS PLACE! WE SAID WE'D BOMB 'EM BACK TO THE STONE AGE, AND WE DO NOT LIE!
HURRY... HURRY...
BIG WOMPWOMP HAVE MEN INSIDE THEM! SPIT GUN DEATH!
WHERE'D THEY GO?
LET THE GRUNTS SNAKE 'EM OUT 'A THEIR HOLE.
WE ARE ARMY AIR CAV!
WE ARE ANGELS OF DEATH!
THEY DO!
SHUT UP AND FLASHFIRE RED ZONE!
YOUNG DRAGONGOD, ARE YOU POWERLESS AGAINST THEM?
WILL YOU DO SOMETHING?
IT'S TIME WE SPOKE THE SAME LANGUAGE.
LET ME TEACH YOU THE SPELL OF TONGUES.
DO MEN CONTROL WOMPWOMPS?
FLASHFIRE GREEN ZONE!

SOMETIME LATER...
W-WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE'S MY DINOSAUR?
AND... THE GIRL.
ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!
THIS KILLING TRANCE MUST STOP!
IF IT WASN'T FOR THE GIRL I'D THINK CUSICK WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE FUTURE. THESE MEN IN THEIR DEVICES WILL ONLY UNDERSTAND THE STRENGTH OF MY WAMPUM POUCH.
I'LL TRADE IT TO THEM.
RETREAT! THEY GOT HEAVY FIRE!
PAYBACK WILL BE AFFIRMATIVE!
OUTSTANDING!
NUMBER ONE! THE GUY'S A GRUNT!
HE IS A HARD INDIVIDUAL AND THE WORLD WILL BE A LESSER PLACE...
HAUNT
MOVING, KITTENS!

...WHEN WE WASTE HIM!
HAUNT
SNIPER!
KRAK!
MR FRAGGGG... HELP...
MOVING... ARRGH! MY KNEES!
KRAK!
STAY PUT, DOC!
SEEN WHOLE SQUADS WASTED THIS WAY, LURED OUT BY OUR OWN MEN'S AGONY, ONE BY ONE!
HAUNT! DO YOUR INJUN STUFF!
HAUNT
YOU ARE NOT REAL!

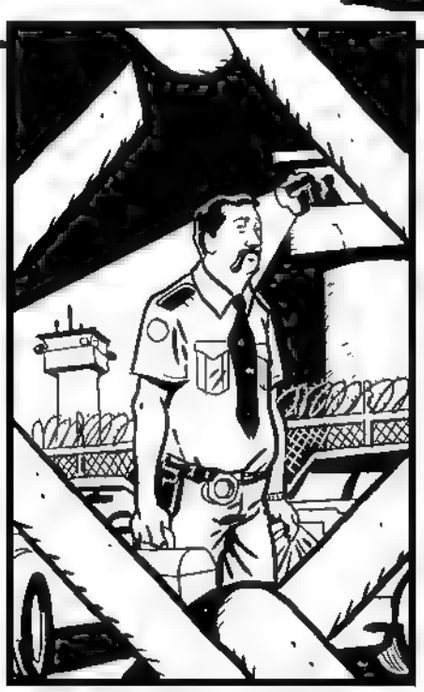
THIS WAR IS SECTION EIGHT.
NOW DINOSAURS ARE OUTSTANDING. THE TOP!
BUT IF THERE'S A GOOK DINO AROUND WHEN I OPEN MY EYES, IT IS WASTED.
THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE.
THE DINOSAUR IS MINE!
HAUNT
GIMSHE G'UM SK'ZID!
YOU CURSE... IN WAWENOC?
I AM WAWENOC.
A BROTHER? ONE OF MY PEOPLE? BUT YOU ARE A KILLER... THAT IS AGAINST THE WAY OF WAWENOC.
HEY, MAN, I DON'T NEED THAT. I FIT! YOU AND THE DINO ARE THE UNREAL ONES HERE!
IT IS AGAINST THE WAY OF WAWENOC.
BROTHER, COME OUT OF YOUR DAZE AND SEE THE TRUTH. IT IS AGAINST THE WAY OF OUR PEOPLE!
I-I KNOW.
I'M SORRY... MAYBE YOU'LL HELP ME TELL THEM...
KRAK
SPAT!
...TO CALL A TRUCE?

MURDERER! FACE ME!
YOU WILL NOT ENJOY SHOOTING PARTS OFF HELPLESS MEN ANY LONGER! YOU WILL NOT KILL MY PEOPLE!
I WILL STOP..
KRAK!
..YOU?
AN ORIENTAL ANGEL OF SHINY BLACK HAIR AND DELICATE BEAUTY UNMASKS TO REVEAL ALL THE HATRED OF VIETNAM. SHE'S AWASH IN SUCH LOSS IT'S BECOME HER ONLY PLEASURE.
AND SHE, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE HERE, IS IN A DEATHDAZE.
YOU ARE NO DRAGON GOD.
BBLEEEAAT
SHE IS A GRUNT...
POKAPOKPOK
BUDDA BUDD
NO... NO...
CUSICK! WHERE ARE YOU? HELP ME BRING HIM BACK!
IF I CAN'T BRING HIM BACK I'LL... I'LL STOP ALL THIS MADNESS!
YOU WANT DESTRUCTION?
WATCH ME!

WHAT ARE THOSE?
DAMN THEM!
FOR YOU, UNCLE HO, FOR YOU!
THANKS FOR THE HELP, AIR FORCE. NAPALM IS BEAUTIFUL. PAYBACK IS A MOTHER!
THAT'S TWO. CONFIRMED. THINK THE MARINES GOT OUT?
WHAT'S A FEW GRUNTS TO US ANGELS OF DEATH?
LET'S GET BACK TO BASE
CUSICK WAS RIGHT.
IN THE FUTURE, MEN ARE MAD.
CAN ALL OF THE FUTURE BE LIKE THIS?
IS NO PLACE SAFE?
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE.

DER SELTSAME FALL DES
KIM
DOTCOM

DER SELTSAME FALL DES KIM DOTCOM

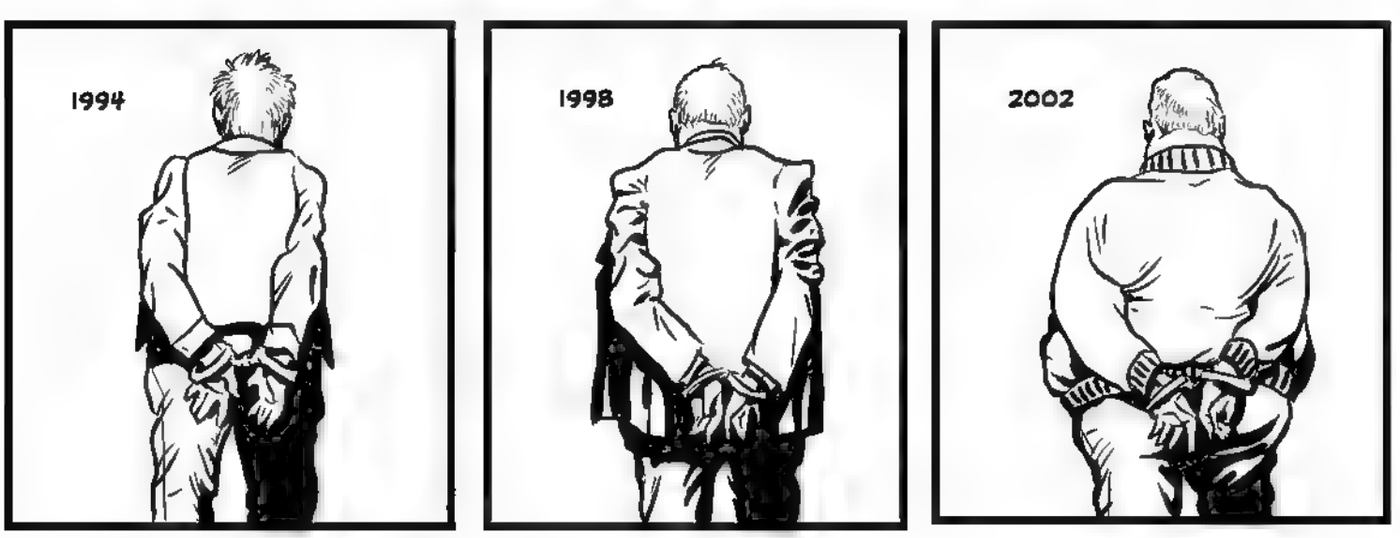


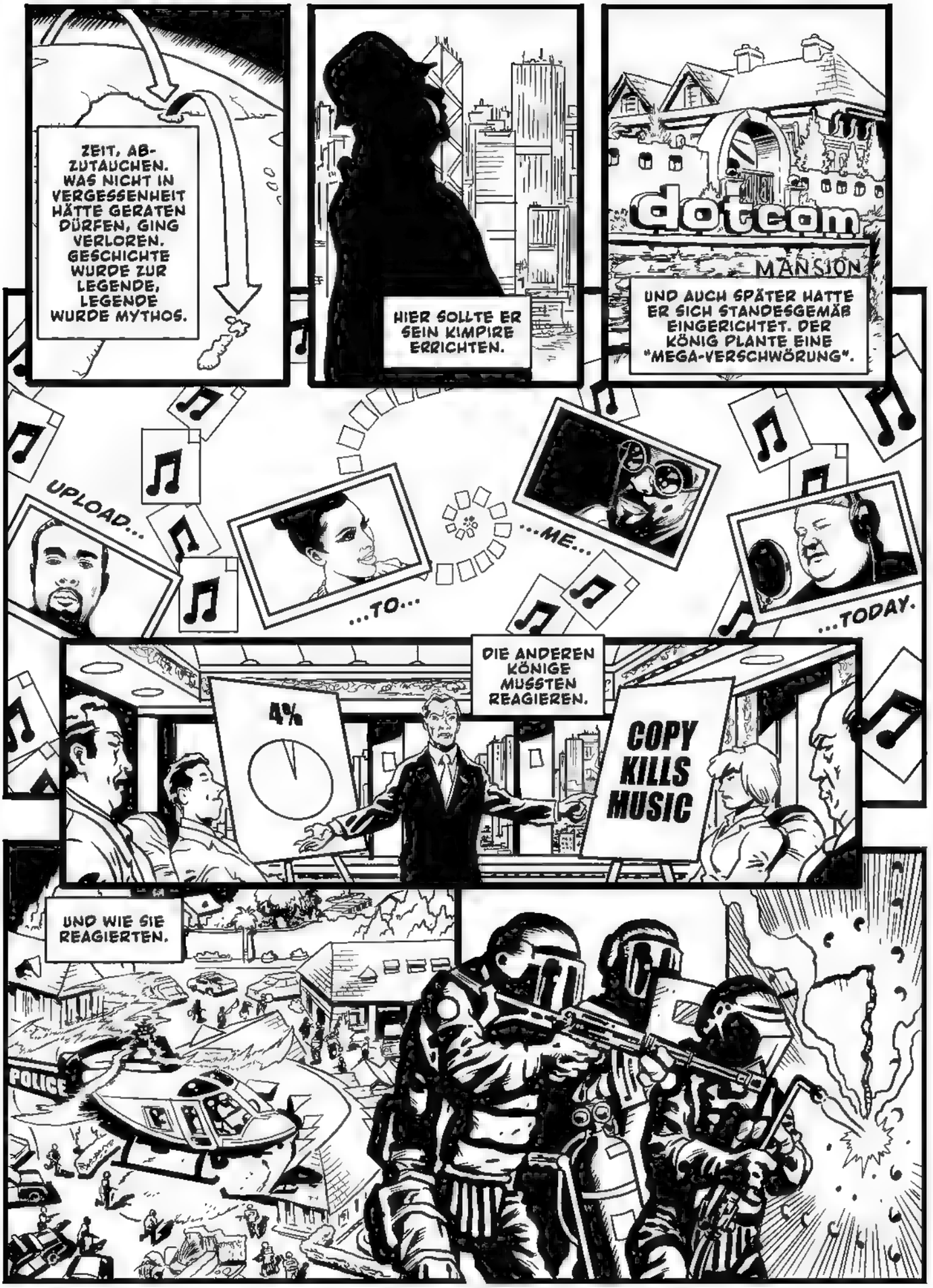
ERZÄHL KEINEN MÜLL...
DIES IST EIN KÖNIG.
SEINE UNTERTANEN FÜHLTEN SICH STETS GUT UNTERHALTEN.
NUN BETRAUERT ER SEIN KÖNIGREICH.
ALLES BEGANN IM JAHR 1996.
SCHON DAMALS GING ES VOR ALLEM UM DIE RICHTIGE INSZENIERUNG.

WER EINE IDEE HATTE, KONNTE BEINAHE NICHT ANDERS, ALS GELD ZU MACHEN.
Werden wir jetzt alle reich?
Der Goldrausch im Cyberspace!
MUSSTE DIE IDEE DAFÜR GUT SEIN? NICHT WIRKLICH.
DATA PROTECT CONSULTING
~~KIM~~ SCHMITZ KIMBLE!
MEIN NÄCHSTER GAST IST EIN SYMPATHISCHER MULTIMILLIONÄR, DER GERADE DIE FIRMA LETSBUYIT.COM GERETTET HAT. HERZLICH WILLKOMMEN KIM SCHMITZ!
NA TOLL, ER WAR ALSO IRGENDWANN ZU GAST BEI IRGENDEINEM TYPEN, DEN NIEMAND KENNT...
WARTE, ES GEHT NOCH WEITER

DER RUHM TAT IHM NICHT GUT. AUF EINMAL MUSSTE ALLES "MEGA" SEIN...
MEGA-BOOTE...
MEGA-AUTOS...
WHAAT? THESE GUYS ARE CHALLENGING ME.
AND I SHOW YOU NOW, WHAT I'M DOING WITH GUYS THAT ARE CHALLENGING ME.
DOCH DA WAREN EBEN AUCH DIE ANDEREN DINGE. TRICKSEREIEN, INSIDERHANDEL...

DIE PROBLEME WAREN VORPROGRAMMIERT.

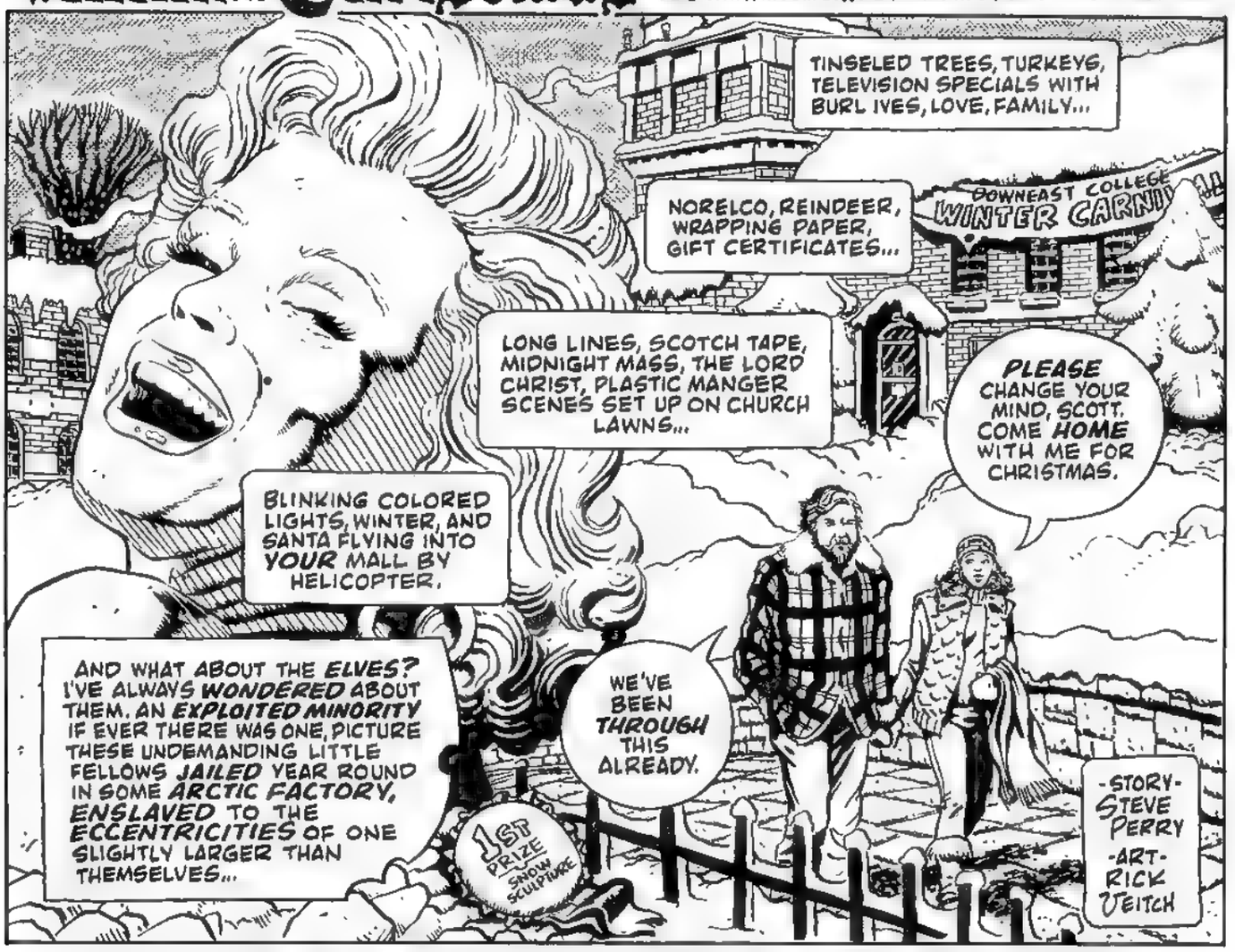



ZEIT, AB-ZUTAUCHEN. WAS NICHT IN VERGESSENHEIT HÄTTE GERATEN DÜRFEN, GING VERLOREN. GESCHICHTE WURDE ZUR LEGENDE, LEGENDE WURDE MYTHOS.
HIER SOLLTE ER SEIN KIMPIRE ERRICHTEN.
dotcom
MANSION
UND AUCH SPÄTER HATTE ER SICH STANDESGEMÄß EINGERICHTET. DER KÖNIG PLANTE EINE "MEGA-VERSCHWÖRUNG".
UPLOAD...
...TO...
...ME...
...TODAY.
DIE ANDEREN KÖNIGE MUSSTEN REAGIEREN.
4%
COPY KILLS MUSIC
UND WIE SIE REAGIERTEN.
POLICE

DER REST...
HACKER
...IST GESCHICHTE.
NETTE GUTENACHT-GESCHICHTE, MEIN LIEBER. A PROPOS: GUTE NACHT.
DAS IST WIRKLICH PASSIERT! WIR HABEN EINE BERÜHMTHEIT ZU GAST...
WIE WAR DEIN TAG, SCHATZ?
NUR DAS ÜBLICHE.
NEIN, WARTE. ICH MUSS DIR EINE UNGLAUBLICHE GESCHICHTE ERZÄHLEN...

ahhhh... Christmas

WE *ALL* HAVE OUR PERSONAL IMAGES OF IT, TEMPERED BY OUR APPROACH TO *LIFE* AND *LINEAGE*. SO TO GET YOU THINKING... *CHRISTMAS*... I DON'T HAVE TO MENTION...


TINSELED TREES, TURKEYS, TELEVISION SPECIALS WITH BURL IVES, LOVE, FAMILY...
NORELCO, REINDEER, WRAPPING PAPER, GIFT CERTIFICATES...
DOWNEAST COLLEGE WINTER CARNI
LONG LINES, SCOTCH TAPE, MIDNIGHT MASS, THE LORD CHRIST, PLASTIC MANGER SCENES SET UP ON CHURCH LAWNS...
PLEASE CHANGE YOUR MIND, SCOTT. COME HOME WITH ME FOR CHRISTMAS.
BLINKING COLORED LIGHTS, WINTER, AND SANTA FLYING INTO YOUR MALL BY HELICOPTER.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE ELVES? I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT THEM. AN EXPLOITED MINORITY IF EVER THERE WAS ONE, PICTURE THESE UNDEMANDING LITTLE FELLOWS JAILED YEAR ROUND IN SOME ARCTIC FACTORY, ENSLAVED TO THE ECCENTRICITIES OF ONE SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN THEMSELVES...
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS ALREADY.
1ST PRIZE SNOW SCULPTURE
-STORY- STEVE PERRY -ART- RICK VEITCH

IT'S UNFAIR...LIKE MOST EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS LOUSY SEASON, SO YOU *SEE*, THERE ARE *PARTS* OF CHRISTMAS THAT SMELL *BAD* AS *SPOILED GRAVY*, DOWNRIGHT *NASTY* PARTS. OF COURSE WE DON'T *MENTION* THOSE. WE DON'T TALK ABOUT...

My Bizarre Christmas Adventure...

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE FAMILY AT CHRISTMAS. SINCE YOURS DIED YEARS AGO, YOU CAN HAVE MINE.
LOOK, I'M SORRY, CONNIE, BUT I'M STAYING HERE.
IT'S ALL ARRANGED WITH CAMPUS SECURITY. BESIDES, I HATE FAMILY GATHERINGS.
YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL THAT WAY. CHRISTMAS IS A TIME FOR SHARING AND GIVING AND BEING WITH THE ONES YOU LOVE, AND MY PARENTS ARE REALLY NICE.

I'M SORRY, CON, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT PERSONALLY. THIS ISN'T MY FIRST OR LAST CHRISTMAS ALONE...
I'M USED TO IT.
I LIKE IT.
I PREFER IT.
REALLY...?

I'D JUST FEEL OUT OF PLACE, Y'KNOW?
MOPE AROUND, RUIN EVERYTHING.
YOU'RE SO STUBBORN...BUT I LOVE YOU ANYWAY.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M A BIG BOY NOW.
I PREFER BEING ALONE.
ALONE...
ALONE IN THE BLINDING SNOW, SOMETHING ELEMENTAL AND PERFECT ABOUT IT; THE SENSE OF ICE AS PLEASURE. PERHAPS THIS IS HOW THE ELVES ENDURE.
HOW LONG I STOOD THERE IN THE COLD I DON'T KNOW, BUT WHEN I STARTED BACK ACROSS THE FROZEN CAMPUS I REALIZED I HAD NO FEELING IN MY FINGERS AND TOES. NO FEELING AT ALL, AS IF THE COLD HAD PENETRATED DEEPER THAN MEAT AND BLOOD.
SLEEP CAME HARD AS A LIFELONG FRIEND AND ONLY NEAR THE END OF THE NIGHTSHIFT.
IN THIS WAY THE DAYS SNORED TOWARD THE 25th.
WHEN I WENT OUT IT WOULD BE TO VISIT MARILYN...
I HATE THIS TIME OF YEAR!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT OFFERS YOU NOTHING.
YOU LONG FOR THE PURITY OF A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS.
REMEMBER?
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT A LITTLE FRIGID, AND YOU CAN'T LIE TO HER...
REMEMBER CUTTING THE TREE WITH YOUR FATHER?
FIXING IT TO THE STAND?
STRINGING THE CORN YOUR MOTHER POPPED TO DECORATE IT?
THE CHEEK-PINCHING RELATIVES WHO ALWAYS GAVE YOU CLOTHING INSTEAD OF TOYS?
THE FAMILY GATHERED TOGETHER CHRISTMAS EVE, THAT'S TOMORROW SCOTT--WHEN YOU ALL OPENED A SINGLE PRESENT, A TEASER FOR THE NEXT MORNING...
THEN VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING YOU'D DESCEND THE STAIRS, EYES ROUND AS ORNAMENTS...
AND CATCH THAT FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE FAT BLINKING TREE, SO MAGICALLY PILED WITH GIFTS DURING THE NIGHT.

RIIIINNG
'HELLO?'
'IS THIS SCOTT... SCOTT FOSTER?'
'YES?'
'THANK GOD... I'VE BEEN TRYING TO LOCATE YOU FOR DAYS. I FINALLY GOT YOUR DORM NUMBER FROM THE HEAD OF SECURITY.'
RRING RING
'YES?'
'YOU DON'T KNOW ME, SCOTT... BUT I MARRIED YOUR MOTHER. MY NAME IS ALEXANDER PRIMROSE. HELLO? ARE YOU STILL THERE?'
RRIIIINGG
'UH HUH.'
'I'LL MAKE THIS SHORT, SCOTT. I WANT YOU TO COME SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH YOUR MOTHER AND ME. IT'S BEEN MORE THAN TEN YEARS SINCE SHE'S SEEN YOU, BUT SHE STILL LOVES YOU AND MISSES YOU... I'VE HEARD HER SAY IT. NOW SHE DOESN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THIS... IT'S ALL MY DOING. I LOVE HER, SCOTT, I WANT TO GIVE HER SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR CHRISTMAS... AND YOU, SCOTT, ARE THAT SPECIAL SOMETHING. WHAT DO YOU SAY?'
RI NG
'I'LL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT.'
'LOOK, SCOTT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT BROKE YOUR FAMILY APART WHEN YOUR FATHER DIED, OR WHAT HAPPENED TO KEEP YOU AWAY ALL THESE YEARS. IF IT WAS THE BOOZE, WELL, SHE'S PRETTY MUCH LICKED THAT... ONLY GOES OFF THE DEEP END A COUPLE TIMES A YEAR, BUT SHE WOULDN'T AT ALL IF YOU'D HELP. I CAN'T MAKE YOU COME IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, BUT IF YOU WON'T DO IT FOR ME, DO IT FOR YOURSELF, DO IT FOR HER. YOUR MOTHER'S A TROUBLED WOMAN, SCOTT. SHE NEEDS YOU.'
RRIIINNG
'SO GET ON A BUS AND COME TO PORTLAND. I SHALL MEET YOU AT THE DUNKIN' DONUTS ON CONGRESS STREET, AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE GREYHOUND STATION. I'LL DRIVE YOU TO OUR HOUSE AND WE'LL SURPRISE HER, ONE PRESENT ON CHRISTMAS EVE. I BELIEVE THAT'S THE TRADITION IN THE FOSTER FAMILY?'
'I... WELL... AHHH...'
'I SHALL MEET YOU THERE AT SEVEN O'CLOCK SHARP, TOMORROW. BE THERE, SCOTT, PLEASE. GOOD BYE'

I BLINKED AND IT WAS THE NEXT DAY. THE BUS WOULD LEAVE AT THREE O'CLOCK. I LOOKED AT THE CLOCK. IT SAID TWO.

I LOOKED AT MY BAG AND COULDN'T REMEMBER PACKING IT.

I THOUGHT ABOUT LYING TO CONNIE. I LIED TO *EVERYONE* WHEN I TOLD THEM *BOTH* PARENTS WERE DEAD.

I *WANTED* TO GO. I *DIDN'T* WANT TO GO.

TELL ME... IS THIS *REAL?* AM I *DREAMING?*

I *SHOULD* GO, RIGHT?

I *SHOULDN'T* GO?

TELL *ME!*

IN THIS STATE OF INDECISION, TIME DRAGGED INFINITELY.

PLEASE!

I WAS LATE BUT SO WAS THE BUS.

PORTLAND

A WOMAN ABOUT MY MOTHER'S AGE SAT ACROSS THE AISLE FROM ME. SHE ROCKED GENTLY TO THE RYTHM OF THE RIDE, EXHAUSTED.

I HOPED MY MOTHER DIDN'T LOOK *THAT* BAD.

I HOPED SHE WOULD LOOK MORE LIKE *MARILYN.*

I REMEMBERED SHE WAS BLONDE, BUT BEYOND THAT *...NOTHING ELSE.*

AS THE BUS PENETRATED PORTLAND AND WHEEZED TO A STOP AT THE STATION, I GREW MORE AND MORE *NERVOUS.* NERVOUS BUT *GOOD!* DESPITE IT I FELT GOOD SOMEWHERE INSIDE.

I SMILED AND SAID 'BYE TO PEOPLE I'D BARELY NOTICED DURING THE TRIP.

TAXI

THIS GLOW SPREAD THROUGH ME, *WARMING* ME AGAINST THE COLD, AND AS I STEPPED FROM THE STATION AND MADE MY WAY AROUND THE CORNER I *KNEW* WHAT CHRISTMAS WAS *ALL ABOUT!*

THERE AHEAD, LIKE AN OASIS, DUNKIN' DONUTS GLEAMED IN THE DINGY CITY.
THE STATION'S DIESEL FUMES GAVE WAY TO A FAINT ODOR OF FRIED DOUGH, PLEASANT ON THE SHARP STILL AIR.
I WAS DOROTHY RUNNING TOWARD OZ.
I WAS LASSIE COME HOME!
I WAS GIVING!
FIVE MINUTES BEFORE SEVEN, DECEMBER 24th. I STARED AT EVERYONE WHO CAME IN, EVERYONE ALLREADY IN, EVERYONE WHO WALKED BY OUTSIDE.
I STARED AT THE CLOCK. IT WAS MY ENEMY. TORTURER.
AT 11:30 I WAS STILL THERE. I'D CHECKED THE PHONE BOOK BUT THERE WAS NO LISTING FOR ALEXANDER PRIMROSE. IT WASN'T A NAME YOU EASILY FORGOT. I EVEN CALLED THE POLICE, AND THEY CHECKED THE CITY DIRECTORY FOR ME.
NOTHING.
SO THE SKUZZY WAITRESS AND THE OLD MAN WHO MADE DONUTS TOLD ME THE LOCATION OF THE YMCA BEFORE THEY KICKED ME OUT AND WENT HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.
I EVENTUALLY MADE IT BACK TO CAMPUS WHERE YEARS PASSED..
.. AND I FORGOT ALL THIS.
ahhhh... Christmas
END

...HUFF... PUFF... PANT...
...NEVER STAKE ME...
THE MONSTER HUNTERS CLUB
...HUFF... I'M THE BEST...
STORY HART FISHER
PENCILS RICK VETTCH
INKS TOM YEATES
COLORS
LETTERS F.B.SIX
EDITS PHIL NUTMAN
MWAHHAHAHA
DIE BLOODSUCKER, DIE!
HEY!
SPLOOOSH!

YOOUUUU DICK!
NAILED YA! YOU SHOULDA SEEN THE LOOK ON YER FACE!
HOW LONG WERE YOU IN THERE?
I DUNNO. MOSQUITO BITE'S BEEN DRIVING ME CRAZY.
I GOTTA GO.
DAAAAAVIIIID!
YEAH, YER MOMMA'S CALLIN'.
SHUT UP, SPUD.
SOAK 'EM?
TOTALLY DOUCHED 'IM!
ALL' RIGHT!
I'LL SEE YOU GUYS TOMORROW FOR SKINNY BONES!
LET'S GO, DAVID. I'VE GOTTA BE AT THE TOLL BOOTH IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.
COMIN' MOM.
LOOK WHO DECIDED TO JOIN US.
...WHY DO WE HAVE TO EAT PORK ROAST ALL THE TIME?

YOU BETTER USE THAT MOUTH FOR EATIN', STEADA WHININ'. YER MAMA WORKS HARD FOR THAT FOOD...
YEAH, MOM WORKS HARD.
WHAT?
BENJAMIN PLEASE...
MOM WORKS!
MOM'S ALWAYS WORKING!
NO! I WANNA HEAR THIS!
YOU NEVER WORK AT ALL. YOU JUST SIT AROUND IN YOUR UNDERWEAR WATCHING TV AND SPONGING OFF HER AND...
WHAP!
BENJY, PLEASE!
SHUT UP, WOMAN!
IF'N HIS REAL FATHER'D THREW A BEATIN' ON 'IM HE WOULDN'T BE SUCH A SMART MOUTH.
WOULDJA' BOY?
WHAP!
WHAP!
SLAP
WHERE'S THE SMART MOUTH NOW?

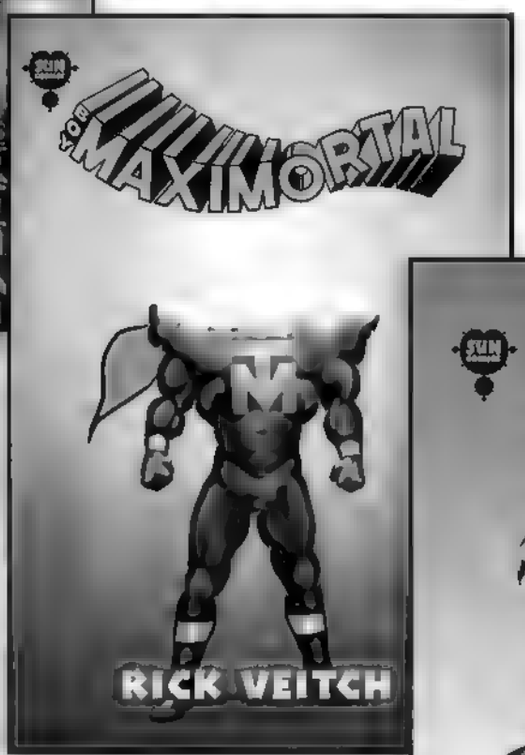
SNAP!
CRUNTCH!
CRAK!
KUNCH!
KAK!
...OH JEEZ...
HHHHS
HHHHHSSS

...ALL I'M SAYIN' IS WHY DOESN'T HART CARRY THIS FRIGGIN' TV ONCE IN A WHILE?
'CAUSE PHIL'S A WUSS AND YOU'RE A CHUMP!
HEY!
GET OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE DROP THIS ON YOUR HEAD!
I'M TOP DOG JERKY! TOP DOG NEVER CARRIES NUTHIN'.
NOOKY LICKER!
JEEZ, YOU SLEEP HERE ALL NIGHT?
Y-YAWN... YEAH...
BENJATURD ON A RAMPAGE AGAIN? WE OUGHTA MONSTER HUNT HIM!
YEAH, NOW GET STRINGIN' THE CORD. SKINNY BONES IS ALMOST ON!
BREAKFAST'S ON ME.
THANKS.
STICKERS
IT'S A LITTLE SOFT. IT'S BEEN HANGIN' OUT WITH BENJATURD ALL NIGHT UP MY BUTT!
...AND THE GOOD LORD SAID LET THERE BE SKINNY BONES! AND IT WAS GOOD. GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN AND DRACULA'S BALDDER!
DRACULA'S DAUGHTER.
WHATEVER.
I GOTTA RAIN CHECK THIS ONE GUYS. GOTTA GET SOME SLEEP.
RAIN CHECK? YOU JUST CAN'T WALK OUT ON THE DOUBLE CREATURE FEATURE OF THIS MAGNITUDE!
MAGNITUDE? CHECK OUT THE BIG BRAIN ON BRIAN.
THAT STEPFATHER'S A DICK.
YEAH, HE'S A HEMORRHOID.
FORGET ABOUT THAT. I WONDER WHAT DAVID LOCKED UP THE COFFIN FOR?

...NO, I DON'T CARE ANYMORE, THE LOCK'S COMIN' OFF TONIGHT...
C'MON MAN. DAVID'S SICK. HE HASN'T BEEN OUTTA HIS ROOM FOR THREE DAYS. LEAVE HIS TREASURE ALONE.
...I DUNNO... DAVEY SURE HAS BEEN SQUIRELLY 'BOUT THIS BOX.
I'M ALL FOR IT. DAVID'S WEIRDIN' ME OUT. LET'S POP THAT CHERRY.
NO! DON'T OPEN IT!
JESUS CHRIST DAVID!
HEY!
...OOO, UHH, GUYS...
IS THAT GUY DEAD?
AHHHHH! THE DEAD GUY MOVED!
...DAAAVIIIIEEE...
HE'S NOT DEAD. JUST HUNGRY.
IT'S FEEDING TIME.

THEEOOOW!
GODDAMMIT. NOW WHAT'S THAT NUMBNUTS UP TO?
WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU KIDS? WHY CANTCHA RAISE HELL IN YER OWN GODDAMN HOUSES?
DAVID! YOU GET YER ASS OUT HERE NOW BOY! I'M GONNA BEAT SOME SENSE INTA YER THICK SKULL THIS...
I DON'T THINK THAT'S GOING TO BE NECESSARY.
YOU AREN'T THROWING A BEATING ANYWHERE, SIR.
THAT SUPPOSED TO SCARE ME, BOY?
YER KEEPIN' AWFUL ODD HOURS FOR A SOCIAL WORKER, SON. YOU BEST BE GETTIN' OFF'N MY PROPERTY AFORE I THROW A BEATIN' YER WAY, TOO.
NO FEAR
OH, NO...
...THEY SHOULD SCARE YOU, MR. QUIN.

RICK VEITCH'S KING HELL HEROICA



SUN COMICS

NOW AVAILABLE IN TRADE PAPERBACK AND E-BOOK:

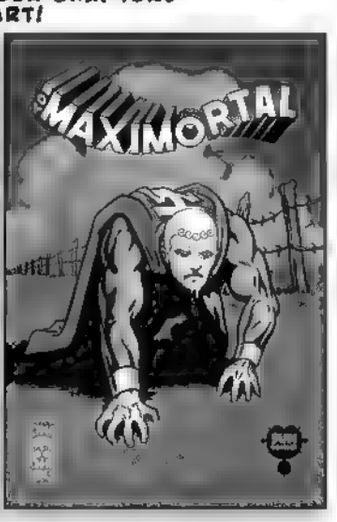
VOLUME ONE
THE MAXIMORTAL

VOLUME TWO
BOY MAXIMORTAL

VOLUME FOUR
BRAT PACK

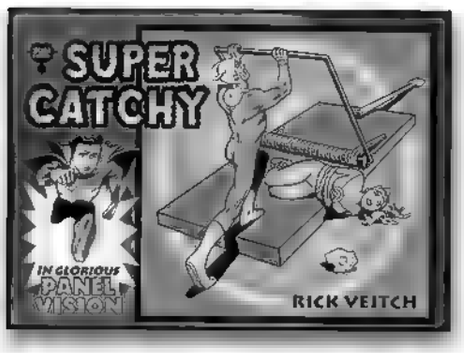
COMICS VISIONARY ***RICK VEITCH*** MARRIES THE LARCENOUS HISTORY OF THE COMICS BUSINESS TO THE OUTRAGEOUS THEMES AND CHARACTERS OF HIS INFAMOUS ***BRAT PACK*** UNIVERSE, CREATING ONE OF THE MOST STARTLING AND UNCOMPROMISING VISIONS OF THE SUPERHERO ARCHETYPE EVER PUT TO PAPER.

OR IF YOU LIKE FLOPPIES, ***BOY MAXIMORTAL*** WAS ALSO RELEASED IN FOUR CHAPTERS COMPLETE WITH DOZENS OF ODDBALL BACKUP STORIES AND ART!



AVAILABLE ON AMAZON!

PANEL VISION!



WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT SUPER CATCHY! ENTER A WORLD WHERE THE ESSENCE OF LIFE ITSELF PEEKS OUT FROM BEHIND THE COLORFUL COSTUMES, FANTASTIC ABILITIES AND SECRET IDENTITIES OF A PANTHEON OF SUPER BEINGS. ALL NEW COMICS FROM THE MIND OF **RICK VEITCH**, CREATOR OF **BRAT PACK**, **CAN'T GET NO** AND **RARE BIT FIENDS**. IN GLORIOUS **PANEL VISION**!

IN A CONNECTED WORLD OF DISCONNECTED PEOPLE, SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD IT ALL AT HER FINGERTIPS. BUT A MYSTERIOUS SPOTTED STONE OPENED A DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY, TRANSPORTING HER TO A STRANGE LAND AND A NEW LIFE UNFETTERED BY TECHNOLOGY. WILL SHE FIND FULFILLMENT BEFORE THE STONE RETURNS? **RICK VEITCH'S** HAUNTING STORY, TOLD IN GLORIOUS **PANEL VISION**, IS A FEAST FOR THE EYES AND SOUL!

2018 EISNER AWARD
NOMINEE FOR BEST SINGLE ISSUE/ONE-SHOT

WE KNOW FROM HIS MUMMIFIED REMAINS THAT OTZI THE ICEMAN WAS MURDERED ON AN ALPINE GLACIER 5300 YEARS AGO. BUT WHO SUSPECTED THAT HIS FINAL JOURNEY WAS WAYLAID BY WORMHOLES, PARALLEL UNIVERSES, INTERNET START-UPS AND THE VERY FRINGES OF CHAOS? ENTER A NEW DIMENSION OF GRAPHIC STORYTELLING IN AN ALL NEW **PANEL VISION** BOOK FROM RICK VEITCH.

COMICS MAVERICK **RICK VEITCH** DROPS ANOTHER MIND BOMB IN HIS WILDLY UNIQUE **PANEL VISION** SERIES! **REDEMPTION** TELLS THE VIVID TALE OF ONE MAN CONFRONTING HIS DEEPEST NATURAL INSTINCTS WHILE STRUGGLING TO REMAIN A FUNCTIONING MEMBER OF MODERN SOCIETY. LIKE VEITCH'S OTHER **PANEL VISION** BOOKS, **REDEMPTION** IS A SELF CONTAINED GRAPHIC PARABLE THAT PUSHES THE FORM OF COMICS INTO NEW UNCHARTED TERRITORY.

COMICS COWPUNCHER **RICK VEITCH** SPINS A GRITTY WESTERN YARN WITH MORE TWISTS AND TURNS THAN THE MIGHTY RIO GRANDE. **TOMBSTONE HAND** TELLS THE TALE OF A TENSE GRAVESIDE STAND-OFF IN WHICH A MAN FINDS HIMSELF WITH ONE BOOT HEEL IN THIS WORLD AND ONE IN THE HEREAFTER. AT STAKE IS A TREASURE BEYOND PRICE. ANOTHER SELF CONTAINED GRAPHIC FABLE THAT DELIVERS A READING EXPERIENCE LIKE NO OTHER.

FIND THEM ON AMAZON!

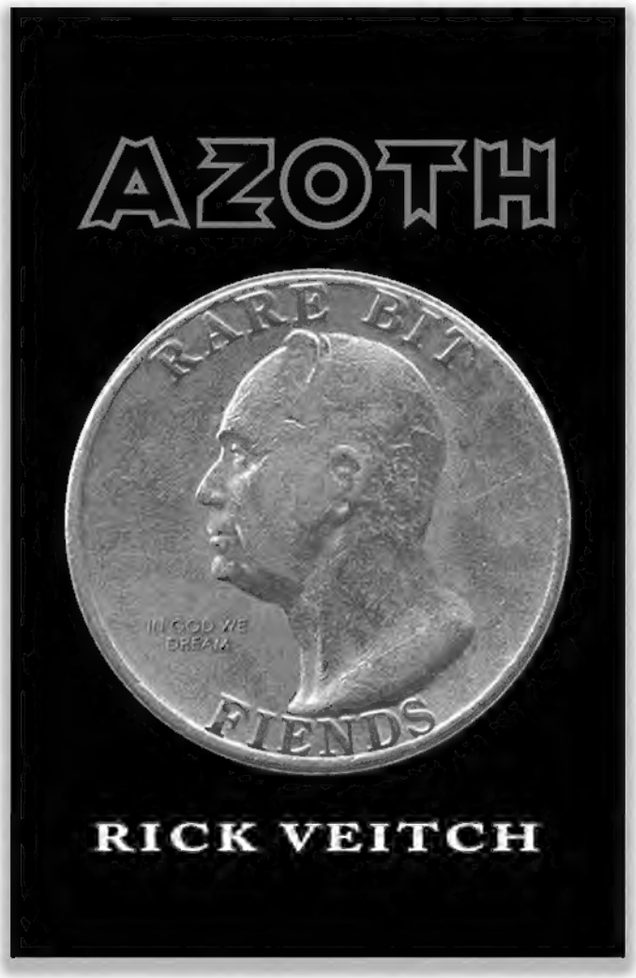
DREAM COMICS: THE FINAL FRONTIER!

CARTOONIST RICK VEITCH FOLLOWS THE GOLDEN THREAD OF ALCHEMY THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE IN "THE ART OF MERCURIUS". TRIANGULATING DREAMS, MEDITATIONS AND HISTORY ITSELF, VEITCH FINDS MEANING IN AN ANCIENT ARCANE PHILOSOPHY.

NOMINATED FOR TWO EISNER AWARDS!

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON!

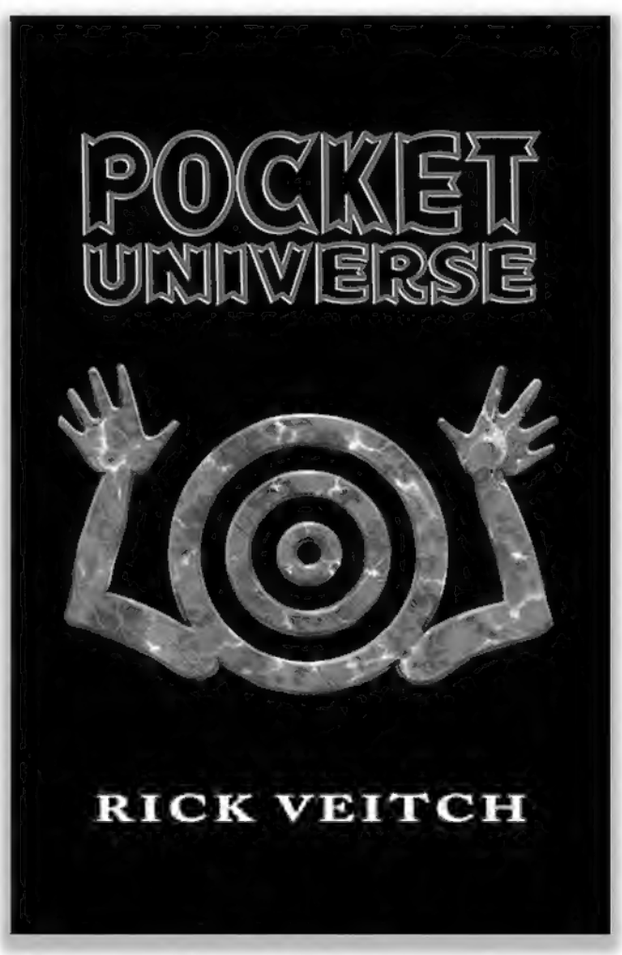
NEW! THE COLLECTED RARE BIT FIENDS NOW IN HARDCOVER!



THIS ***FOURTH COLLECTION*** OF RICK VEITCH'S EISNER-NOMINATED DREAM COMICS CONTAINS A COMPLETE PAIR OF GRAPHIC NOVELLAS, ORIGINALLY SERIALIZED IN ***ROARIN' RICK'S RARE BIT FIENDS #21-25,*** EXPLORING THE DEEPEST MYSTICAL DIMENSIONS OF DREAMING.

SUBTLEMAN FOCUSES ON WHAT VEITCH CALLS SHAMANIC DREAMS; THAT ILLUMINATE AND REVEAL A GREATER REALITY HIDDEN BEYOND OUR FIVE SENSES. DRAWN OVER A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR PERIOD, ***SUBTLEMAN*** CHRONICLES MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE DREAM PEOPLE, FANTASTIC CREATURES, LIVING MYTHS AND STRAY GODS WHILE CONVEYING THE EXPERIENCE OF TOUCHING HIGHER DIMENSIONS AND THE BLISS OF THE LUCID DREAM STATE.

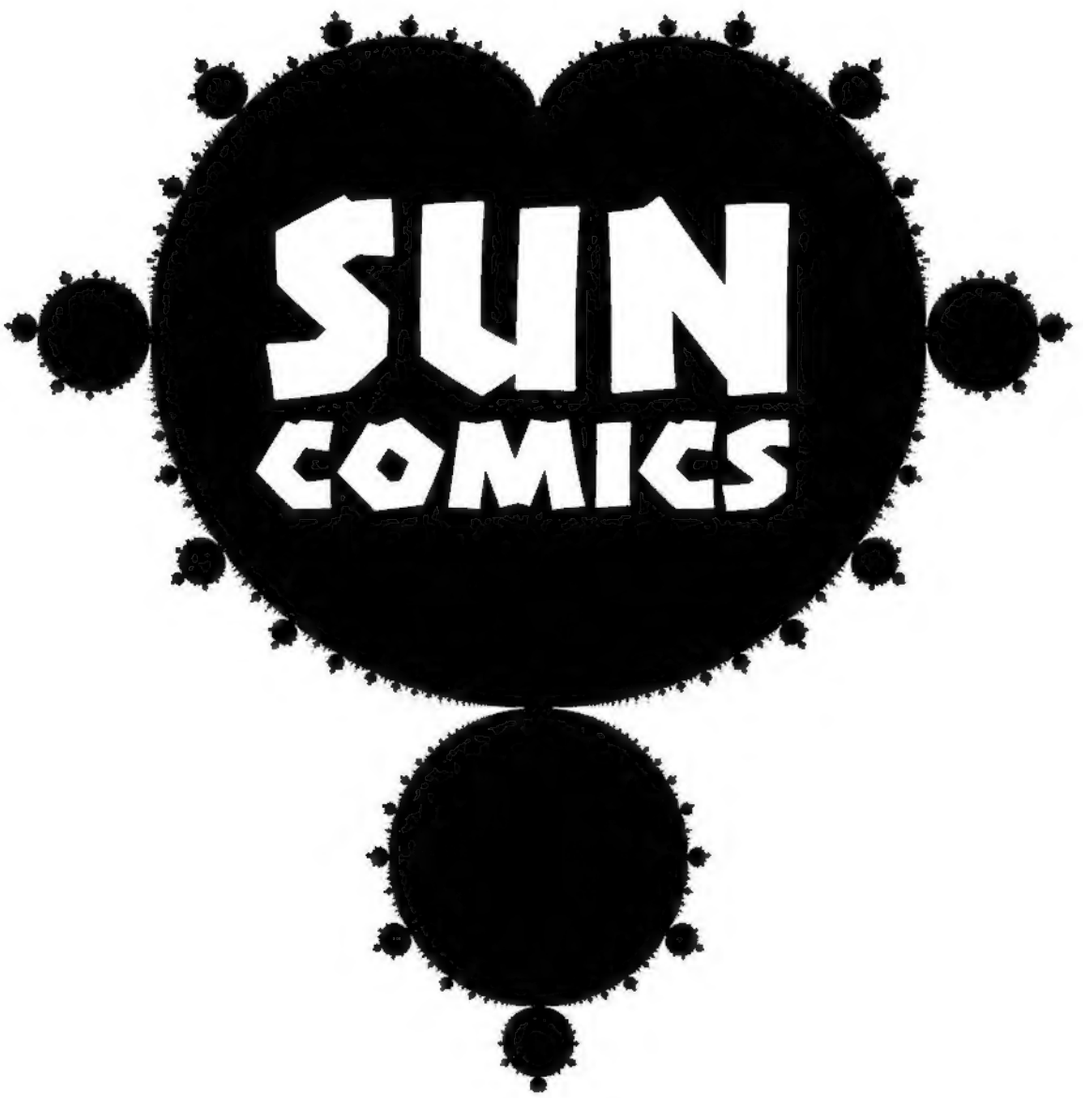
THE ART OF MERCURIUS DETAILS VEITCH'S PERSONAL INVESTIGATIVE DREAMWORK IN PURSUIT OF A DEEPER COMMUNION WITH PSYCHE AND NATURE, CHARACTERIZED BY VISIONARY EXPERIENCES, SYNCHRONICITIES AND THE APPEARANCE OF AUTONOMOUS DREAM CHARACTERS RIGHT OUT OF 16TH CENTURY ALCHEMY.



RICK VEITCH IS A CARTOONIST WELL KNOWN FOR CUTTING TO THE QUICK, AND HIS GROUND BREAKING DREAM COMIC, ***RARE BIT FIENDS,*** CONTINUES TO ENTERTAIN AND INTRIGUE READERS REGULARLY WITH SOME OF THE MOST PERSONAL AND REVELATORY PANEL ART BEING PUBLISHED TODAY. NOW, IN THIS ***SECOND RARE BIT FIENDS HARDCOVER COLLECTION,*** HE GETS YOU SO CLOSE TO THE QUICK YOU CAN JUST ABOUT TOUCH IT! WELCOME TO ***POCKET UNIVERSE,*** IN WHICH VEITCH COMBINES THE ULTIMATE IN POST-MODERN STORYTELLING WITH HIS BRAVURA CROWQUILL AND INK ILLUSTRATIONS TO RECREATE THE DEEPEST LEVELS OF DREAMING AS A STARTLING AND SUBTLE SET-PIECE OF SENSATIONAL PSYCHO-ART. ARE ART AND LIFE ONE? ENTER RICK VEITCH'S ***POCKET UNIVERSE*** AND LEARN THE SIMPLE TRUTH!

INCLUDED IN THIS HARDCOVER EDITION ARE THE ***COMPLETE ROAD BITS*** DREAM SKETCHES, COLLECTED ON THE CONVENTION CIRCUIT FROM DOZENS OF THE ***WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOK ARTISTS!***

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON!


SUN
COMICS

A

Katsu Comics SCAN

Fueled by catnip and homosexuality